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THE SPHERE, FEBRUARY 10, 1945
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXX No. 2351 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC FEBRUARY 10 1945

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"I feel like a GUINNESS!"

"I wish you were!"

G.E.1209

Volume CLXXX No. 2351 The SPHERE, London, February 10, 1945

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE CITY OF BERLIN UNDER ATTACK FROM THE AIR ON FEBRUARY 3, DURING THE GREAT DAYLIGHT ASSAULT BY 1,000 AMERICAN FLYING FORTRESSES which brought indescribable chaos to the German capital, where 3,000,000 refugees are trying to find shelter

Berlin has long been a target for Allied bombers: yet it is doubtful if any previous raid has wrought so much havoc in the German capital as that carried out on Saturday last in daylight. One thousand American "heavies," escorted by large numbers of fighters, dropped "one bomb carpet after another" (as a neutral correspondent described it), and left the city in flames as a result of the 2,500 tons of high-explosives and incendiaries which they delivered. This attack came at a moment when some 3,000,000 refugees from the eastern parts of Germany were crowded into Berlin, in addition to its normal residents. The very heart of the city was the target, and reports have given a terrifying summary of the results: it is now known, for instance, that eight direct hits were scored on the Air Ministry building, and that eighteen concentrations of high-explosives covered the area occupied by the War Office, the Reich Chancellery, Ministry of Propaganda, the Gestapo Headquarters, Ministry of Agriculture and other important buildings. The American bombers swept over the capital in two waves, and in forty-five minutes had delivered the heaviest attack yet made by our Allies. The picture reproduced here shows, in the upper left-hand corner, the Tempelhof airfield, on which bombs are actually falling: lower down on the left are the marshalling yards feeding the Potsdamer and Anhalter stations

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 284

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Herd of Swine.—

One man out of the thousand millions on the earth's face had it (as we all know) in his sole power to give war or peace in 1939. He gave war. If Hitler died to-day, or had died any time during this war to date, a large group of men would have made peace impossible. The whole Allied bloc in the latter war years were resolved on only one form of peace—total and unconditional surrender. And that sort of peace is now resisted, by force if necessary against their own people, by a strong group of Nazis, among whom Hitler is no longer essential for the purpose of resistance. He not only decided for war when his unique position gave him the power of life or death over mankind. He had already gone far to create of his country an instrument which must make peace impossible until that instrument was a total wreck. That work he since completed, and now it is not Hitler but his machine which still ticks over. How much longer can it tick over? We do not know. We know that no such juggernaut machine, no device so nearly achieving perpetual motion and indestructible parts, ever before was forged. History, coolly assessing these terrible years of endurance, will accord to the German people the cold and hateful tribute of a world record in endurance and resource and desperate expedient. Even we to-day, panting and suffering, who never hated the Germans more, are unable to deny the miracle of their survival and desperate obstinacy in the face of unimaginable pressure, difficulty and suffering. Whence do they get their resources, material and moral? By all the tables of all our statisticians, their visible material resources now surviving (as at February 1945) are insufficient to conduct total war for two months longer. In man-power (including untrained), they are now outnumbered in the field by two or three to one, at least. Two years ago they knew they could not win. What is the nature of that moral resource in the doomed and damned nation which enables them to continue to suffer these extremes of suffering in order to postpone the inevitable end for two or three months? We come back to Hitler, not the man, but the machine-maker. His juggernaut can't stop. It is beyond any man's power to halt it. He too will get his cold and hateful tribute as the greatest inventor of a machine of destruction in all history. And every man, woman and child in every democratic country in the world must surely learn from current events and from history in the time to come, that to surrender your individual will is to sign your own death-warrant. The German nation to-day is a herd of swine, rushing to the cliff-edge. But what qualities of endurance, discipline, obedience, they still reveal! Is it possible that posterity can dismiss them as purely contemptible in the face of such evidence? Will not posterity decide that surrender of their wills, that signing of their death-warrants, gave them the strength to endure beyond what men hitherto have endured as a nation? (If that strength be worth the winning.) They have conquered fear and hope, for they have no personal instrument by which to feel these sensations. Swine they are, but what a herd they could have become under a noble swineherd! Meanwhile, they slog on to the cliff's-edge from force of habit, not from force of will. And while Hitler's juggernaut still ticks over, despite all the spanners we manage to throw in, we follow the herd to their place of destruction at a still respectful distance.

"Slow, How Slowly, Etc."

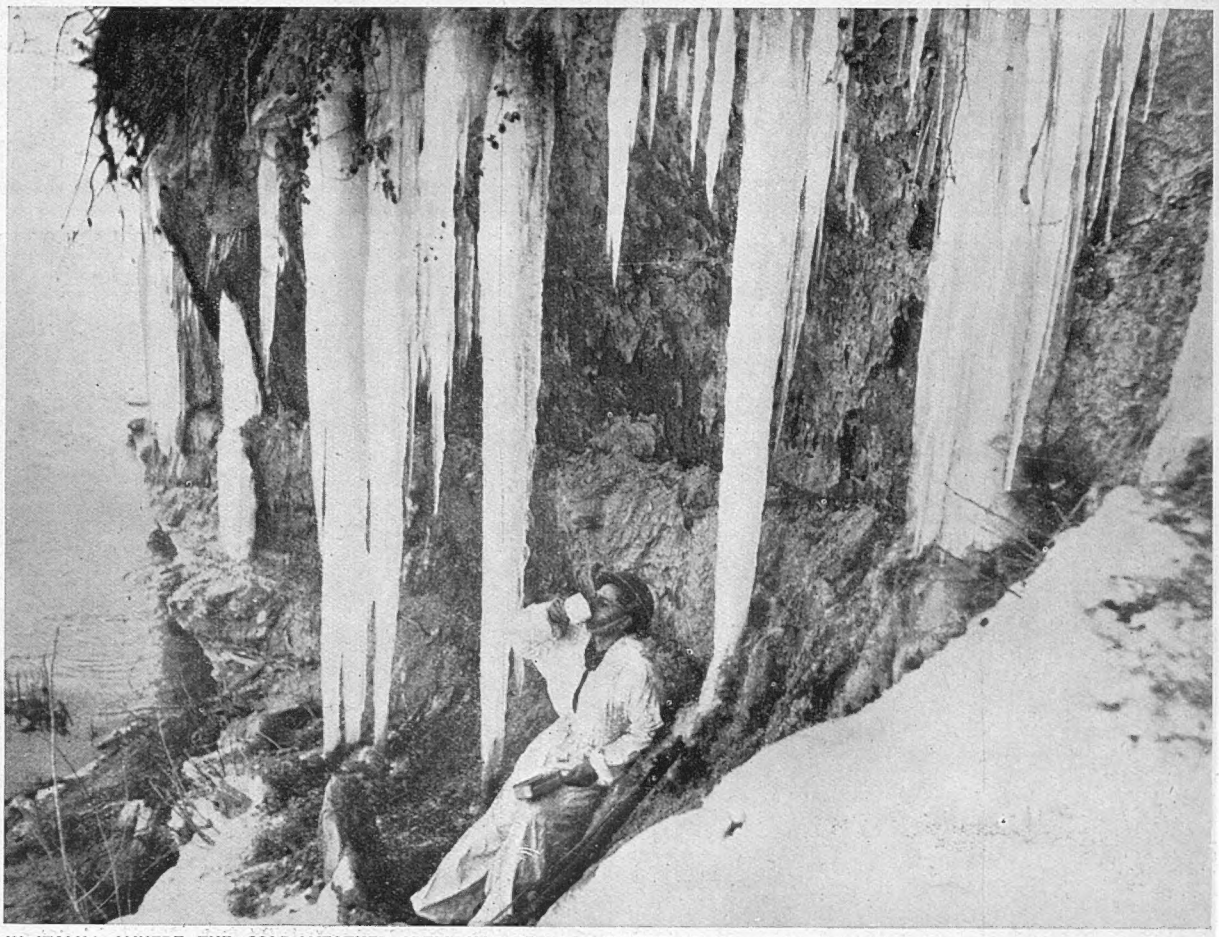
—A year to a day after "Marshal Starling" announced that the siege of Leningrad had at last been broken, he announced that East Prussia had been neatly lopped off and divided from the Reich. Therefore, when you quote our War Tag No. 1 about "Eastern Windows," you must skate over that line: "In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly." It just doesn't fit the occasion to-day. On the other hand, my five-year diary reveals a corrective to wishful thinking—if, indeed, such correctives are still needful. On January 25, 1943, I wrote down hopefully: "In the German Press to-day, there is something like general despair, an indication that the German public has begun to realise that the war is lost." So we need not altogether cast aside Clough's well-thumbed number. And it fits the recent cold snap like a kid glove; for often enough three unpleasant weeks can seem as endless as many years. The sun and thermometer climbed slowly enough, I found, as I climbed precariously to my pre-breakfast chores in the dark and bitter cold. But under the snow I dare say there were impudent snowdrops pushing out; and Hitler's "headache" must be more acute than yours and mine. Everything has an end.

Hitler's Comfort.—

A man with a bad headache may be forgiven if he expresses himself with a certain lack of common sense and logic. Hitler had such a headache when he read over his latest anniversary broadcast. The German nation just now has more of cold than comfort, but a colder dose of comfort surely never issued from the Führer's dispensary than that review he gave of his twelve years of power. When they called him to lead them, every institution in the Reich was bankrupt and ruined, morally, materially, politically, socially. To-day (he said), after twelve years, mostly at war, they were back again where they started! From which he argued that all sense and sanity dictated to the German people continued faith in and loyalty to their Führer. It is the argument and motive force of a squirrel in a barrel-cage. Truly the shepherd knows his sheep.

"Brave Crillon."—

Those who best know Montgomery and his opposite numbers who command the American and French armies in the west could no doubt best judge of their minds at the beginning of February in the situation created by the Red Army's broad, swift and (apparently) irresistible advance to Berlin. There, close ahead (as it seemed on February 1), was the great day which, in success and failure, hope and hope deferred, in everlasting toil and infinite danger and sacrifice, every commander and every private in the field had been dreaming of, the goal all the Allied armies in friendly rivalry had been striving to reach first—and (on February 1) it seemed that Stalin was the hare and the western allies the tortoise. "*Pends-tu, brave Crillon,*" might Stalin say; "we fought in Berlin and you were not there." And no doubt something of the sort was in the minds of Montgomery and the others. But all their minds are large as their hearts, and can hold more than one, and more than a petty, thought at one time. Their minds can hold, and do hold, secrets hidden from us as to the immediate strategic plans of the western armies. They hold also very precise information as to the value of the present contribution of their forces on land and in the air to the Russian advances. Rundstedt's great balking gamble is already proven a damaging gamble in Hitler's last effort. It has been as costly to Germany as a great Allied offensive launched six weeks ago could have been. Even before the end of January the western allies were again more than nibbling. Before Berlin is reached by the Russians, before February is over, the western wave may be flowing over the Rühr through crumpled dams. Meanwhile, the "Brave Crillon" tag is not likely to fall from Stalin, nor to sting Montgomery, Bradley or Tassigny. The common purpose goes forward, and each ally has his part to play and is playing it according to plan. War is like that. It dishes the "perfect model" of a campaign every time. Ideally, no doubt, Berlin should be approached at the rate of 15 miles a day from east, west and south. But that ideal connotes equal opportunity and similar conditions. It is a very midget-minded man who grouses to-day that "here are the Russians at the gates of Berlin and there are the Democracies bogged down where they stood two months ago." Where did these Democracies stand seven months ago? Where will they stand two months hence? No reason, I think, for any Allied Crillon to hang himself or hang his head. And, indeed, who would prophesy (on February 1) when the Red Army will be in Berlin or how much nearer the entry of the Allies into that capital will bring the final end of Nazi resistance?



IN ITALY! WHERE THE COLD-WEATHER SPELL HAS BEEN AS SEVERE AS IN GREAT BRITAIN: Under a curtain of huge icicles, a sapper of a Field Squadron of the Royal Engineers has a break for lunch during work on a ferry across the River Santerno. The sapper wears a white snow-suit while working, as the area is under enemy observation from Tosignaro. The exceptional weather in Italy has brought the fighting almost to a standstill, owing to snowbound roads. Activity has been limited to a few patrol clashes

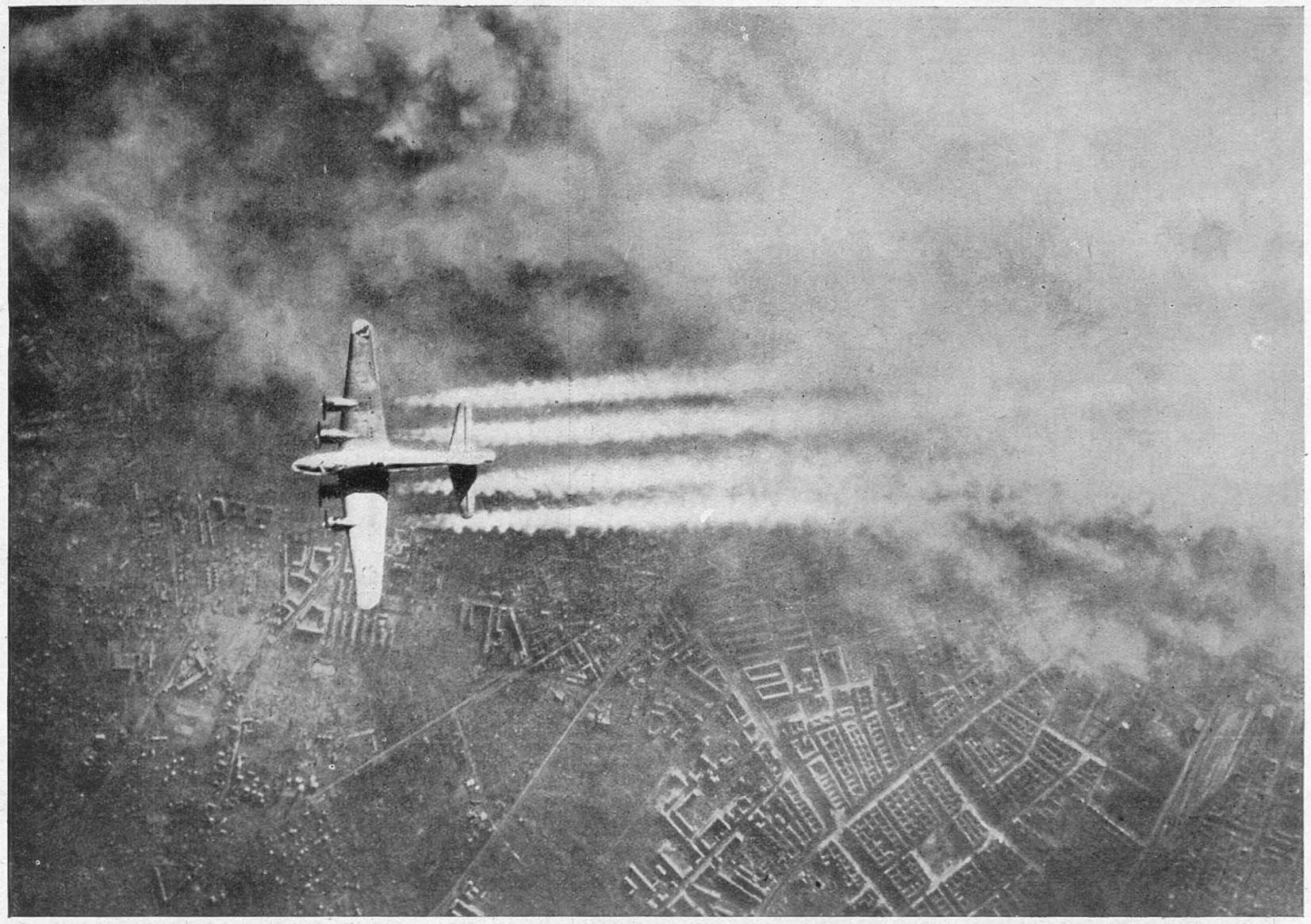
Fifty Years Since.—

For many reasons, I wish that winter of 1895 was not so vivid in my memory. I remember so little of those days of childhood that the very clearness of the picture of that winter of '95 is a proof of its abnormal severity. It began so exactly as this present bitter winter began, and it lasted right through February into March. Day after day, week after week, the thermometer registered between 10 and 18 degrees of frost. Very occasionally it flattered hope by rising above freezing-point during the day. There was plenty of sun. It was too cold for "serious" lessons, and day after day, with our pinched and shivering governess, we set off for the Serpentine, where, in the roped-off area of that lake reserved for "privilege" and denied to "the roughs," we made our first essays at skating and warmed our hands and ate our biscuits beside the braziers which glowed on the ice. There were no Thermos flasks in those days. But there were charcoal hand-warmers. I wish I had one now. One enjoyed that sort of winter at the age of ten. Fifty years after its attractions are not so compelling. I have no wish to endure it into March.

To Correspondents.—

I like to answer my helpful correspondents individually. The response to my S O S for advice on how to avoid molehills and cold feet was so record-breaking that my ideal must go by the board. I offer to all those kind and wise readers who sent me advice my sincere gratitude. How very good-natured people still are after (or perhaps because of?) six years of war! I have material now for a really useful monograph on mole-catching, the experience of a score of experts. And to-day (believe me or believe me not!), thrice-armed with traps and good advice, I returned home from the garden with . . . a couple of warm feet and a brace of moles. What a moral is here for individuals and nations in their duty towards their neighbours!

THE OLD STAGER



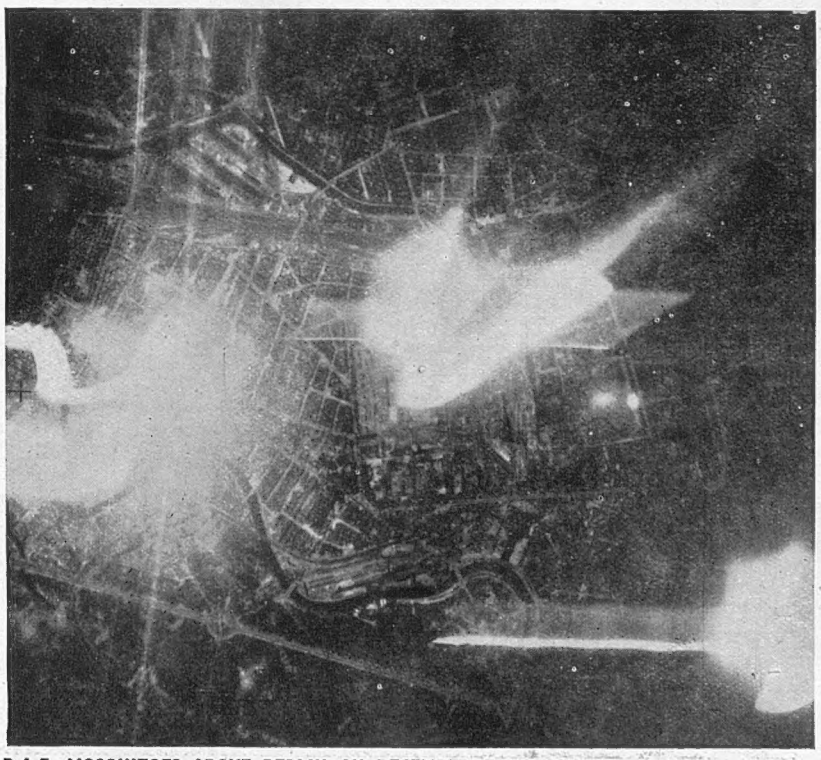
A FLYING FORTRESS OF THE U.S. EIGHTH AIR FORCE PASSES OVER THE HEART OF BERLIN, as smoke from fires started in the Tempelhof area blanket part of the capital. This was one of the force of 1,000 heavy bombers which unloaded 2,500 tons of bombs on Hitler's key city on Saturday, February 3

The BOMBING of BERLIN

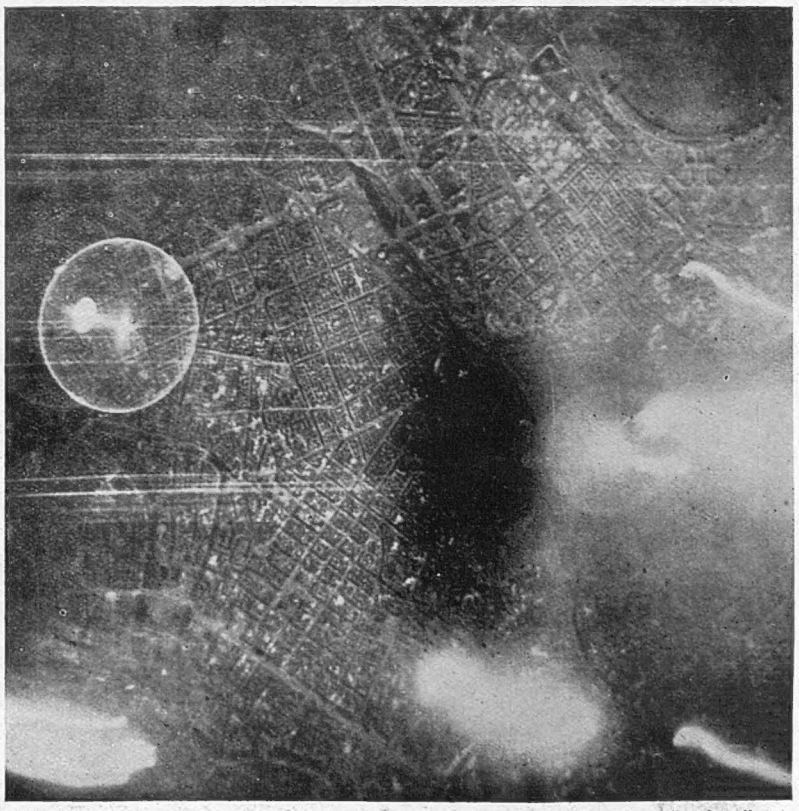
The Big Raid of February 3, and Two Previous Raids by British Mosquitoes

Berlin is at the very centre of the whole German military effort. Through the city a great deal of military traffic is passing to the Oder front, where the Russians are threatening to envelop the German armies defending the capital: millions of refugees are streaming in from East Prussia and Brandenburg, while military convoys are passing out towards the east, meeting them head-on. The railways are working to capacity to cope with all this traffic. The American blow was aimed, therefore, at the very nerve centre of the whole German system—with what results the various reports from Berlin have well indicated.

The picture reproduced above was taken during the course of Saturday's giant raid. The two below were taken on earlier occasions, during raids on Berlin by Mosquito aircraft of the R.A.F. These planes, carrying out attacks which, at one time, would have been described as "heavy," have been dropping 4,000-lb. bombs on the city with grim regularity. The two pictures given below, taken during the course of two of these recent attacks, prove that the raids (heavier than the sharpest flying-bomb attacks on London) have been directed against the very heart of the enemy city.

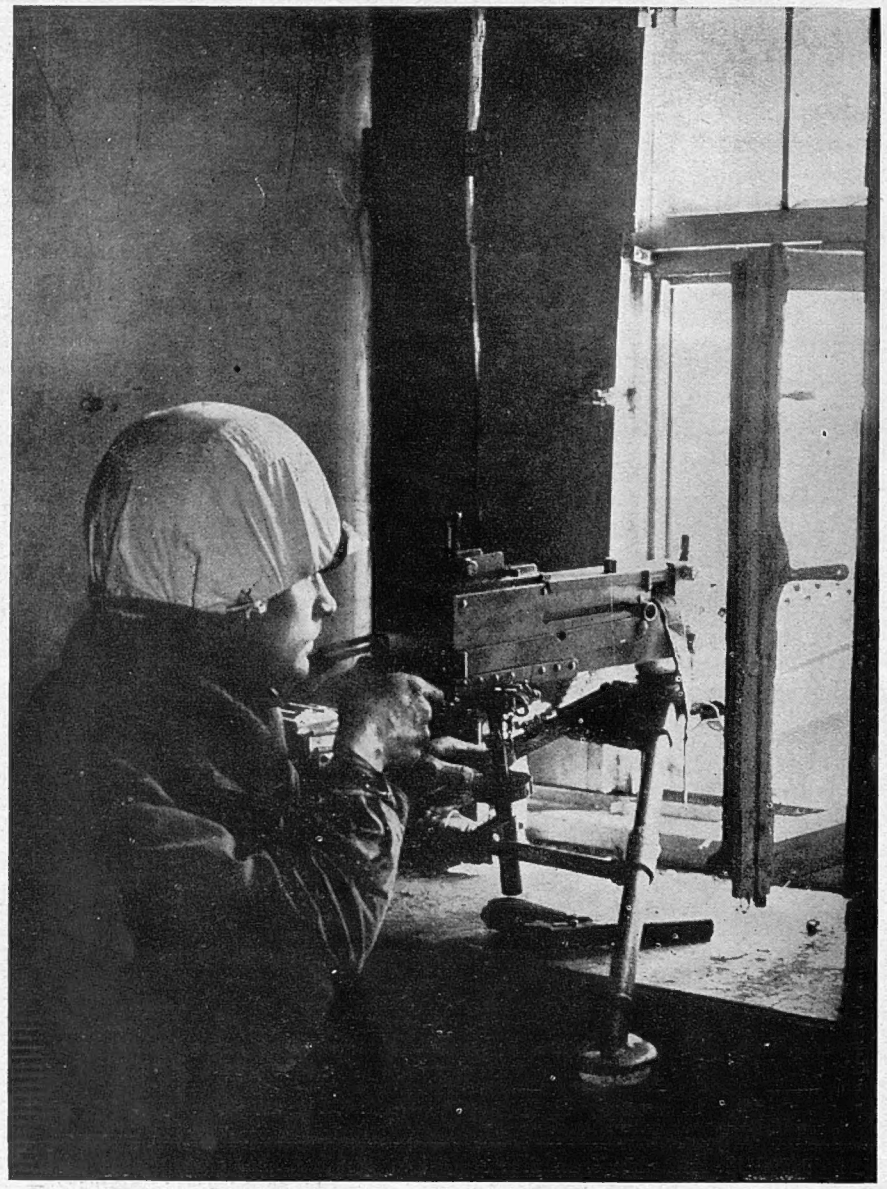


R.A.F. MOSQUITOES ABOVE BERLIN ON DECEMBER 11, 1944: A target indicator burning (extreme left centre), with the track of a searchlight immediately below it. The two other white smears in the centre and bottom right-hand corner are searchlights. The main road running diagonally from bottom left of the picture to bottom right is the Charlottenburg: it continues through the Tiergarten district, joining the Unter Den Linden

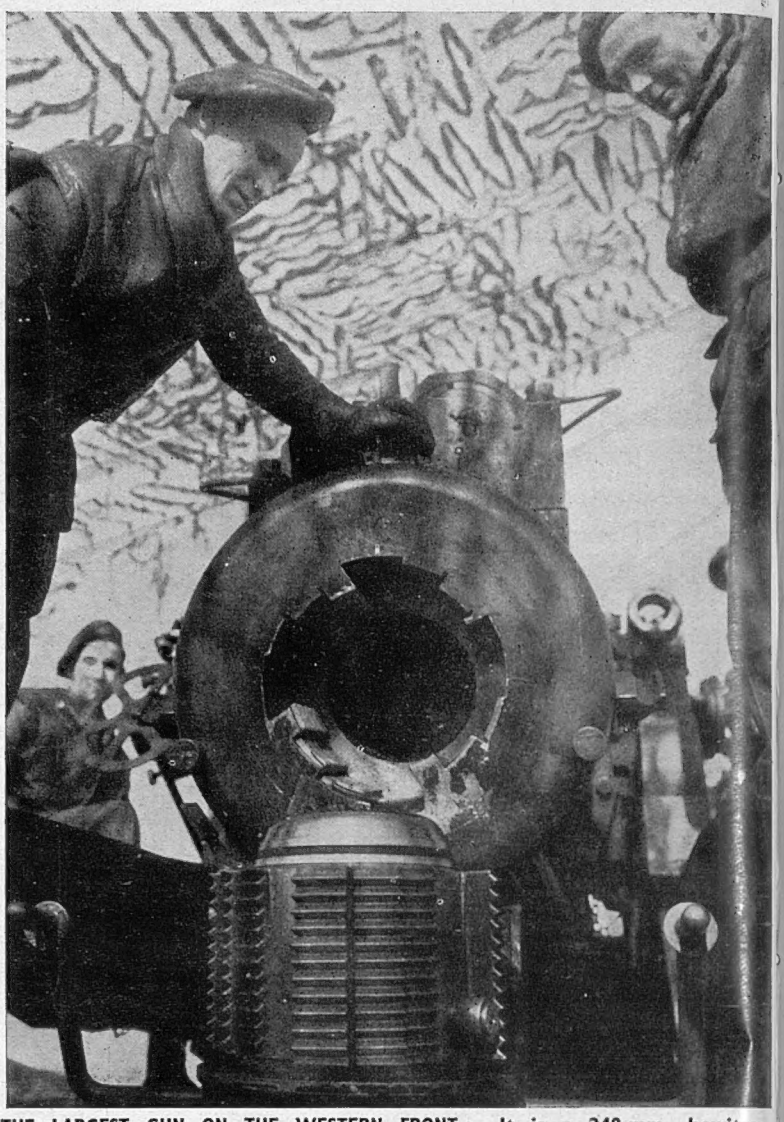


A PICTURE TAKEN ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 14-15, 1945: Flash bombs illuminating a Berlin area, which includes one end of the famous Tempelhof aerodrome (in right top corner), the Unter Den Linden (running diagonally from left to bottom centre), and the Potsdamer Station. Target indicators surround the Old Town area, and a fire track can be seen in the bottom right-hand corner

NEW PICTURES from the WESTERN BATTLEFIELDS



A MACHINE-GUN POST IN ST. VITH after its recapture by the Americans : This town, the pivot of the whole German "bulge" in the Ardennes, was evacuated by Brig.-General Clark, of the U.S. Army, when Von Rundstedt's troops overran the sector. The same General had the satisfaction of recapturing the town on January 23, after a day-long, house-to-house fight with the Nazi rearguards. As soon as it came back into American possession, the Germans subjected St. Vith to severe gunfire. In this picture, a member of an American Parachute Division (still wearing the snow-camouflage on his helmet) is seen manning a machine-gun at his post in an old barn just outside the town



THE LARGEST GUN ON THE WESTERN FRONT : It is a 240-mm. howitzer known as "The Slogger," and it is now pounding the Siegfried Line with shells weighing 360 lb. each. A Super-Heavy Battery operates this type, and lobs the heavy missiles on to fixed targets deep behind the German positions. This picture shows the breech mechanism in the open position ready to receive another shell

MOVING UP INTO GERMANY : HOW THE BRITISH SECOND ARMY ENTERED HEINSBERG DURING THEIR RECENT BIG PUSH IN THE MAAS SECTOR. The woman and boy on the left are Germans, the houses are German, the whole district is German. The Bren-gun carriers are streaming up to the front line, where the battle is now being waged on German soil

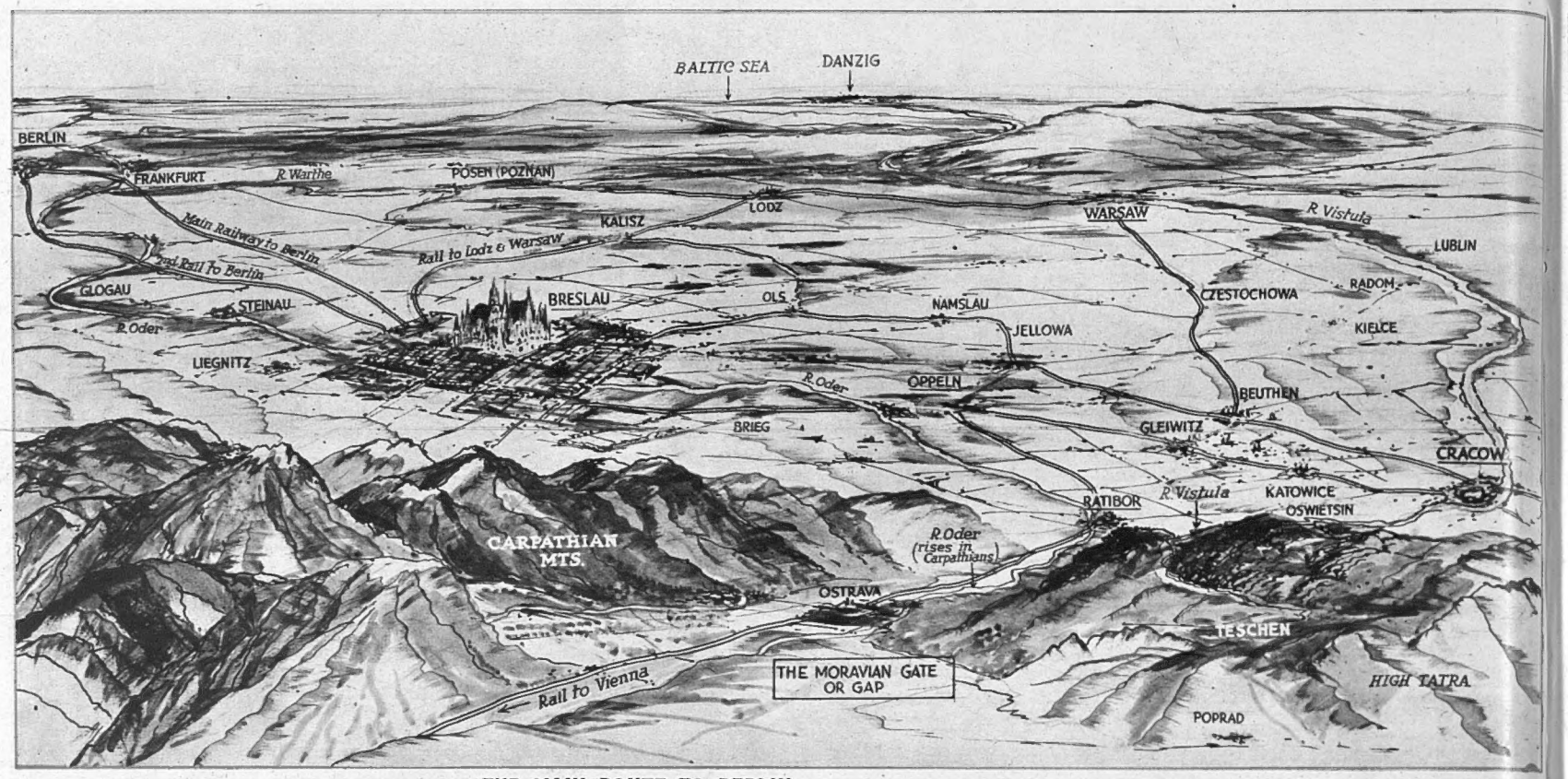
THE CANADIANS DYNAMITE FROZEN CANALS IN HOLLAND: Sappers of the Canadian Army disembark from their tug "Nijmegen Nancy" and prepare to blast the thick ice to prevent a possible German sortie

A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS, SPOUTING ICE AND WATER, shoot into the air as the engineers on the canal bank detonate the charges: As a defence measure against an enemy attempt to penetrate the Canadian lines by crossing over the frozen canals in the Nijmegen salient, Canadian sappers were detailed to blast the ice and keep the waters open during the recent and prolonged spell of cold weather in Holland. This became a daily routine as soon as the thermometer dropped below zero around Nijmegen

A NEW SERVICE CAFÉ NEAR THE FRONT LINE: The Café Montreal is a Naafi institution opened recently at Tilburg, when this spot (on January 26) was only some 10 miles from the front line. The café is supervised by members of the A.T.S., and local Dutch girls play the part of waitresses. In this picture, Private D. Harvey (of Forest Hill, London)—one of the A.T.S. Supervisors—is chatting with some of the "customers" of the establishment

WEST OF THE RIVER ROER—an instance of Anglo-American co-operation: In a combined operation in this area, the U.S. Army captured several towns, the most important of which was Brachelen. They were supported by British tanks and Scottish troops. (This was, incidentally, the first important battle fought by Allied soldiers in snow-suits). The collaboration between American infantry and British tanks was perfect. The latter had a telephone fixed to the rear end; if a house in the town was found to harbour a troublesome sniper, the infantryman would go up to the British supporting tank, pick up the telephone and tell the Commander within the precise spot at which his shells would do the most good

AT THE SOUTHERN END OF THE BATTLELINE ON THE WESTERN FRONT: American tanks at Gambsheim, 10 miles north of Strasbourg, use their cannon as artillery in repulsing a German attack during the fierce battle for the French-garrisoned Alsatian capital. This method of massing armour has been used with great success by the Allies since the fighting around El Alamein, in the Western Desert. On the Western Front, concentrations such as the above have frequently assisted the artillery in preliminary bombardments before an infantry advance



THE MAIN ROUTE TO BERLIN, SHOWING THE ADVANCE OF THE RED ARMY THROUGH THE SILESIAN MINING AREA to the defence line of the Oder River, as seen from above the Moravian Gap—*Drawing by Percy Home*

This view was taken from above the famous "Moravian Gate," or Gap, the natural break in the great Carpathian Chain. It was to secure this gap, on the left flank of the main Russian drive, that the Red Army set about clearing the whole region from Cracow to Breslau. The River Oder rises in the mountains immediately behind the Carpathian Range; it flows northwards by way of Ratibor to Breslau and Frankfurt. The trunk railway line from Breslau to Prague and Vienna passes through the Gap. Ostrava and Teschen, once seized by the Poles, lie close at hand. Cracow, the ancient capital of Poland, lies to the east; moving westwards comes the industrial mining triangle of Gleiwitz, Katowice and Beuthen. The Russians, after occupying this area, pressed on towards the important city of Breslau, capital of Lower Silesia, which dominates the central part of the view. The gabled Rathaus is drawn on an enlarged scale. Breslau is the biggest German city to come under attack by the Allies. It has often been besieged: the old fortifications were long ago turned into tree-lined boulevards. The view shows two main railway routes to Frankfurt and Berlin. In the middle distance, the positions of Lodz and Posen (Poznan) are indicated.

The RUSSIAN ASSAULT ON GERMANY'S EASTERN LINES

And the Threat to Berlin and to Vienna

—*Special* Sphere *Diagrams*

FIGHTING ON THE ROOF-TOPS OF BUDAPEST: Russian tommy-gunners firing down on the Germans in the centre of the Hungarian capital during the fierce and protracted enemy defence of the city

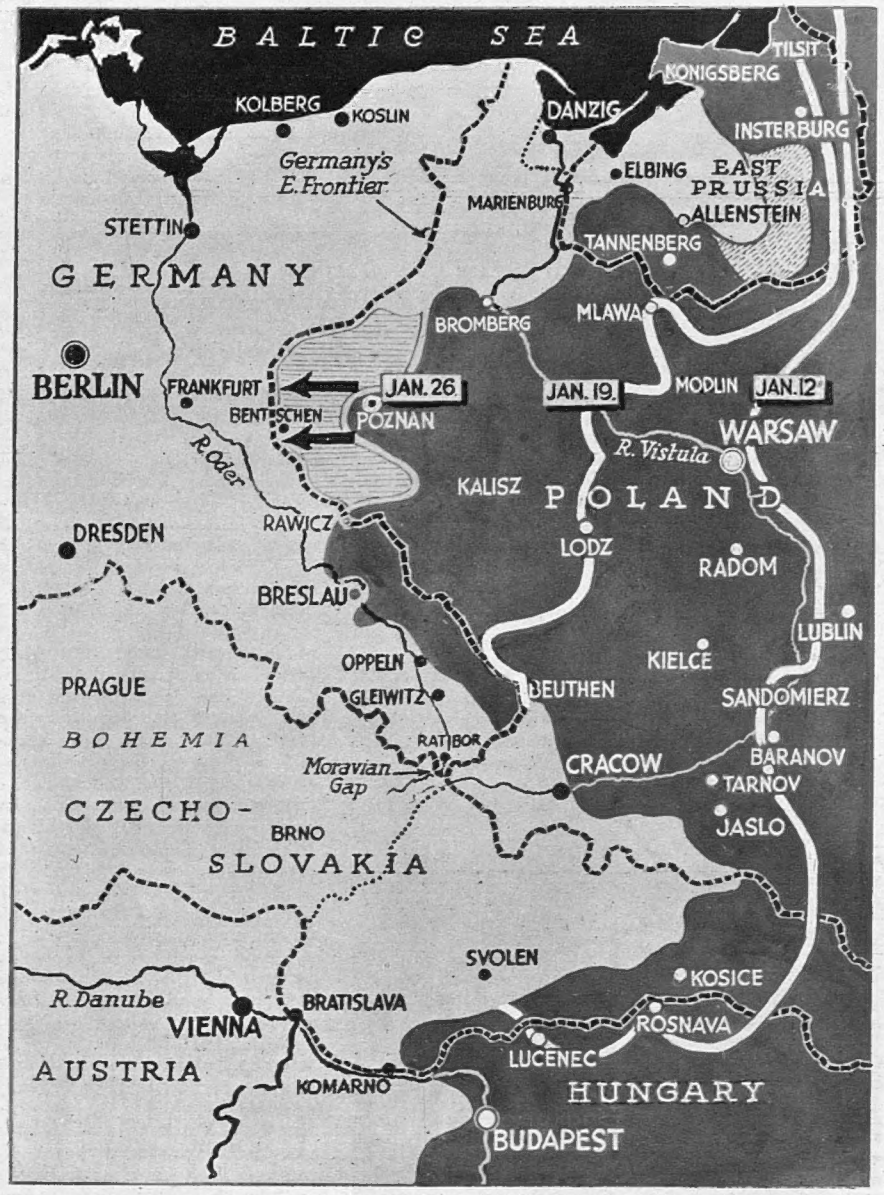
A BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER NIEMEN blown up by the Germans during their retreat from Tilsit, in East Prussia. The latter town was captured by storm by General Chernyakhovsky on January 20

MARSHAL OF THE SOVIET UNION GEORGI ZHUKOV, the Commander of the troops on the First Belo-Russian front. He is the foremost of the galaxy of Red Army Generals now fighting the Germans along the whole of the Eastern Front

THE GREAT GERMAN CITY OF BRESLAU, on the road to Berlin: A view of the Rathaus in the market square. This city has 650,000 inhabitants and is the capital of the rich industrial province of Silesia: it is the largest town the Russians have yet encountered during their great drive into the heart of Germany. That it did not fall quickly, did not unduly perturb the Red Army, who by-passed it on both sides

TILSIT, THE EAST PRUSSIAN FORTRESS TOWN, after its capture by the forces under General Chernyakhovsky's command. An enemy oil dump is seen to be burning in the distance

SOVIET TROOPS OF THE THIRD WHITE RUSSIAN ARMY streaming through a German village as they approach the outskirts of Koenigsberg, capital of East Prussia. It was cut off by the advance of other Red Army forces towards the great port of Danzig



A FORTNIGHT OF ADVANCE BY THE RUSSIANS: The winter offensive of the Red Army began on January 12; within fourteen days they had covered a distance of 200 miles and were still advancing strongly. To-day they stand even closer to the heart of Germany than this diagram map indicates

THE ROAD TO VIENNA: The Austrian capital is threatened by the Russian advance along the northern bank of the Danube through Southern Czechoslovakia. This is at the extreme left flank of the long Russian fighting line (*see note at right*)

On left—While Russia's big assault on the eastern defences of Germany was maturing, the attention of military students was concentrated on the Red Army's thrust through Hungary to Budapest and Southern Slovakia. Fierce fighting took place in Pest, which was eventually cleared of the enemy, and the task of clearing the higher positions on Buda was begun. The Red Army simultaneously pushed along the northern bank of the Danube, capturing Vacs and Ecztergom, where the Danube turns suddenly to the west. Komarom, too, was threatened. The German Command appears to have drawn considerable reserves down to this area in an effort to oppose the Red Army, but without any notable success. It remains to be seen whether pressure will again be put upon this region. The going towards Vienna is fairly easy until the busy port of Bratislava (or Pressburg) is reached. Then the spurs of the south-west Carpathians, known as the Little Carpathians, reach down to the Danube and might hinder any broad advance upon the Austrian capital. Austrian territory begins at Bratislava, a pendant of territory, known as Ferto-tavo, first appearing to the south of the Danube. The River March joins the Danube's left bank and forms the eastern boundary of Austria, north of the Danube.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENTARY DELEGATION IN MOSCOW: The group on the station. From left to right are—M. Vesnin, Deputy to the Supreme Soviet; Com. Stephen King-Hall, Lord Lovat, V.C.; Mr. Wilfred Roberts, Lord Faringdon, Mr. P. W. Jewson, M. Fomin, of the People's Commissariat of Foreign Affairs; M. Astafyev, Assistant Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Moscow City Soviet; and M. Serdiuk, Deputy to the Supreme Soviet

THE FRENCH TRADE UNION DELEGATES IN THE SOVIET CAPITAL: A group taken during their visit to the Stalin automobile plant. From left to right are—M. R. Tarrasov, Secretary of the Soviet Central Council of Trades Unions; Louis Saillant, Secretary of the French General Confederation of Labour; I. N. Zhykhov, P. A. Ivanushkina, a woman foundry engineer; Lucien Labrousse and Benoit Fanchon

WAR CRIMINALS WILL SORT THEMSELVES OUT

Some of the Difficulties which will Face the Allies in Bringing the Guilty Ones to Book

Discussed by FERDINAND TUOHY

WHILE this piece was germinating I tramped over the frozen Essex countryside with a young veteran of Dunkirk, Cap Bon and D-Day, who had had two experiences of conversations with wounded German soldiers.

"I think it 's all wrong," he said, "calling professionals 'war criminals.' They 're only acting under orders and should be treated under the international laws of war."

"The Russians contend that some of them have forfeited the right to shelter under laws which they deliberately ignored even after repeated warnings. And, by the way, is Hitler a professional ?"

"No. Civilian. You can do what you like with him."

Thinking the division somewhat arbitrary, I instanced my one acquaintance with the upper story of war criminology—Ludendorff at Munich in 1922. How, stamping the floor of his villa, he had roared with indignation at mere thought of a handful of professionals having been tried as war criminals at Leipzig the preceding year. That they had been let off lightly didn't arise. The very dishonour ! The people to have tried were their judges, these Judo-Bolshevik Weimar republicans ! Let *die Civilen* leave the soldiers alone with their honour, they who had but defended their Fatherland and Kaiser !

"He may have been about right at that."

"I wonder. At that precise period when Ludendorff barked at me in his Wilhemshoehe villa—

TRIAL IN LYONS : Charles Maurras, the seventy-seven-year-old French writer and Royalist leader, one of the inspirers of the Pétain and Vichy school and an evil influence in France for many years, during his trial at Lyons. He faced charges of intelligence with the enemy, collaboration and denunciation of certain individuals (some of whom were executed by the Gestapo). He was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, with solitary confinement

August of 1922—he was deep in the preliminary approaches to this war with the civilian Hitler. A few months later they putsched together. Which seems to show that it 's not so easy to divide the professionals off from the civilians in regard to responsibility."

"But you 're getting the argument involved. Ludendorff may have been part responsible for this war, but was he for the last or for any violation that occurred in it ? Should he have been in the dock at Leipzig instead of subordinates ? You seem to insinuate yes. If so, where 's the legal side ?"

I mentioned the late deportations from Belgium, ordered by Ludendorff, and that he had been one of the triumvirate to pronounce for the use of poison-gas and the *spurlos versenkt* campaign of the U-boats. And how, subsequently, Ludendorff had lain low in Sweden until the storm had blown over. Supposing the same thing reoccurred, and a Model or a Kesselring started up again after a year or two, as Ludendorff had done in Munich ? The Russians, and others, apparently, thought a policy of preventive justice was overdue and that professionals were among the principal ones to fall under it, as the most potentially dangerous in the future. Not that specific violations weren't being advanced in each case appertaining to a *Wehrmacht* high-up.

"You put your case cleverly," vouchsafed my young Army-bitten veteran, "but I 'm not convinced. Anyway, this war-criminal business should sort itself out this way and that."

There are two reasons why this remark has special relevance hereabouts.

In the first place, the War Crimes Commission has got into a quandary. Whether or not Sir Cecil Hurst resigned exclusively on health grounds, his American opposite number, Mr. Pell, is out too, and he is not ill. According to American opinion, "Mr. Pell goes because he, like most of the members of the Commission, wants the Commission to have authority to regard Hitler and the other leading Nazis as war criminals and to gather evidence against them." The collection of such evidence, it is inferred, might drag in certain pre-war Allied ministers, hence the desire to obviate a court situation that might resuscitate past utterances and actions which would make awkward rehearing.

The second reason why the subject of war criminals is apposite has to do with current German disarray : with the Kaiser's flight to Holland in mind, present-day Allies may think fit to send out reminders to their staffs abroad to keep special watch for suspicious arrivals.

One can well imagine that this whole matter is shot with the utmost complexity and that any hiatus which may have occurred is at least not governed by a wish to gloss over past stands that are nothing if not well known. It seems more likely that differences derive from a clash between the classic legalistic outlook and one corresponding more to multifarious lay finding as enunciated by Dr. Benes after Lidice, when he pronounced "Adolf Hitler and all members of his Government without exception personally responsible for all that has been happening in our country these days."

Peoples who have been flayed, as we have not, are apt to grow impatient over the niceties of legal procedure, such as the form trials should take, whether it should be a United Nations' trial or a local one, and where the political must be kept separate from the military. The farce of Leipzig is ever prominent before these critics of the classical approach, and they are certainly right to this extent : the worst thing that could eventuate from Europe's standpoint would be another flop resembling that of 1921.

It is bad enough to have to tackle a situation that can never produce certain international figures and forces of a different category guilt to the Nazis. It is inadmissible that men obviously branded for the ages should be afforded loop-holes, such as are inevitably associated with legalistic pink tape.

It is indeed arguable whether the prospect shouldn't be welcomed, rather than deplored, of Axis war criminals being dealt with in the countries where they are taken, with the proviso that fugitives to neutral territory must be handed over for trial by a United Nations' tribunal. Nor may it seem out of place to many that the French, having caught "X.," who is badly wanted by the Poles, should pass him directly over to the Poles. I cannot see that the bonds binding the victors would be weakened thereby. The strain on them would assuredly be greater in the event of failure to bring the badly-wanted one to full accountability owing to the play of legal precedents or kindred formalities.

Leaving the issue part open in this manner not only corresponds to what is likely to happen in divers cases ; it has the added merit of keeping the Nazi chiefs guessing as to their fate. They have been told too much already of Allied intentions extending beyond their own wretched carcasses, and have not been slow in taking cautionary measures. There is neither advantage nor, it would seem, necessity, in making a capital issue of the trials of major war criminals, some of whom will undoubtedly sort themselves out this way and that, and others be brought before courts representing the peoples they have most grievously injured.

One has only to quote from an article of Ilya Ehrenburg's, obviously officially inspired, since it was broadcast by Moscow : "Germans reckon in vain our forgetfulness, for annals of suffering that are written in blood cannot be erased. . . . We ourselves will judge our torturers, and this we will entrust to no one." That sounds pretty definite for one whole side of the European Alliance, since it is a foregone conclusion that Poles and Czechs will be at one with the Soviet conception. One 's only anxiety is lest it should instigate escapes to Britain, which would put an undesirable onus on our Law Lords before the world !

They already have Hess on hand, and small wonder that the search for precedents has been unfruitful, given the unprecedented times—and crimes. Incidentally, such a search epitomises the aloofness of our Law, pure as it may be, in the eyes of ravaged, occupied and liberated peoples.

If the severely-legal pundits came down to earth, they would find that the peoples of Europe do not deem the method of disposal of these Axis gangsters worth one grain of ill-feeling between partners in war who wrote finis to their monstrous careers. What matters is that they shall be disposed of in one way or another, the poison-fangs of Nazidom removed.

Who doubts but that this process will be advanced, and dodged, in a variety of ways having little to do with world courts, international tribunals and legal solemnities in general ? "First catch your Nazi for trial" may well be the pith of the matter. Some of these men are likely to fall in the final fighting. Some should die by their own hand. Some will be despatched by their own nationals. Some by furious foes. Some will contrive to fade out, or, altering themselves, remain in circulation. Some will make getaways to foreign countries and sink themselves without trace. Some will be hidden by collaborationists who have managed to put themselves over with the new regimes.

If it comes to an ultimate bottling of the residue in the mountain mass of Southern Germany, Austria, Northern Czechoslovakia and Northern Italy, there will be a further narrowing down when specific members of the United Nations request, or secure, the custody of their own war criminals. This will eliminate the French Nazis, from Laval down, and there is every reason to suppose that others of the Allies will likewise claim their men. One could even make out a case for delivering Mussolini over to the tender mercies of Bonomi or his successor.

Everything that simplifies and suits our friends is preferable to a laborious, legalistic accouchement that satisfies few and is more than apt to be passed over. Some form of United Nations' tribunal-in-waiting will have to be evolved to cope with cases which for some reason pass beyond the national grasp or are agreed upon as calling for inter-Allied treatment. But there is surely no need to make it a big issue, or to raise stupidly-unimportant issues, should the original conception of a uniform law and justice for major war criminals not come to pass.

TRIAL IN BERLIN : The interrogation of General Hoppner before the People's Court of Justice for his part in the attempt on Hitler's life on July 20 last. The German caption describes it as the most cowardly and dishonourable crime in German history. It adds that General Hoppner was dismissed from the German Army in 1942 for cowardice, though it is plain that the merest participation in such an attempt must have called for the coolest of courage. General Hoppner was sentenced by the court to be hanged

TRIAL IN PARIS : The court-martial of American "Black Marketeers," when four U.S. soldiers were accused of stealing and selling Army supplies: they were sentenced to terms of forty-five and fifty years' hard labour. In the eyes of many, such men are as much "war criminals" as Hitler and the Nazi gang

IN PARIS TO-DAY

New Pictures from the French Capital

THE REOPENING OF THE PARIS UNIVERSITY: With all its old-world pomp and pageantry the reopening ceremony of the Sorbonne was celebrated recently, presided over by General de Gaulle, who made an impromptu address. In the procession after the opening are the Rector, M. Roussy, and Professor Debras, president of the University Resistance Movement

GENERAL DE GAULLE ADDRESSING THE PEOPLE OF THE AUBERVILLERS DISTRICT from the balcony of the Town Hall. He spoke on the food and coal situation, and explained the steps he has been taking to relieve the present widespread distress in Paris, and in France generally. He was received with great cordiality despite the cheerless prospect

GENERAL DE GAULLE VISITS THE MAYORS OF PARIS to discuss the two great French shortages—coal and food: The capital is woefully short of fuel of all kinds: food, too, is scarce; and the discontent of the citizens at the present state of affairs has been considerable—especially as the weather took such a change for the worse recently. A few days ago, General de Gaulle went to Aubervillers, to meet the local mayors and discuss the measures being taken to supplement the supplies to the working men and women of the capital. Despite the great cold, crowds lined the streets to give him a warm reception

PARIS CROWDS FLOCK TO SEE BRITAIN'S WAR EFFORT: One of the sights at the R.A.F. Exhibition at the Galeries Lafayette, which has been drawing large crowds of French people—the model of a "blockbuster" used in raids on Germany

LANCASHIRE WEAVERS IN THE ARMY VISIT THE HISTORIC GOBELIN TAPESTRY LOOMS IN PARIS: This picture was taken during the recent visit by some former Lancashire and Yorkshire weavers to the famous Gobelin looms. The weavers are now serving in the Army: during a short leave in Paris they were given an opportunity to study the working of the French looms which have been operating for over two centuries. From left to right, above, are—Corporal Stella Pinnington, Gunner W. Spencer (former manager of a textile factory at Keighley) and Private Cowell

FRENCH CIVILIANS VOLUNTEER FOR RECONSTRUCTION WORK. The scene at one of the centres where recruits are engaged to repair railways and bridges throughout France. It is the destruction of these which has largely brought about the collapse of the internal economy of the country

AN INCIDENT DURING THE TERRIFIC TYPHOON IN THE PACIFIC, WHEN THREE U.S. DESTROYERS WERE LOST IN THE MOUNTAINOUS SEAS. As one of the ships capsized, members of the crew ran along the smoke-stack before jumping off to reach the life-rafts—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

AT SEA DURING THE RECENT GALES

Two Incidents from the Pacific Ocean and the English Channel

Three United States destroyers capsized and sank within an hour, many other ships were damaged, and hundreds of men were drowned when a typhoon, with winds of over 130 m.p.h., struck an American force in the Pacific recently. The storm struck at dawn with terrible swiftness, catching the destroyers in the worst possible condition—when, having returned from an attack, their fuel tanks were almost empty and they had pumped out ballast in preparation for refuelling at sea.

Despite the rapidly-rising gale, they tried to carry out the refuelling operation. But the first to close in, the *Spence*, was swept repeatedly by the seas until, finally, the pipe-lines broke and the attempt had to be abandoned. Soon the destroyer had lost power on her steering motors. With water pouring through the ventilators and the ship rolling at 60 to 70 degrees, efforts to use auxiliary machinery failed. For three hours the *Spence* was thrown wildly about in the waves; then, just after noon, the wildest lurch of all capsized her. One of the survivors described later that he was in the passage-way on deck level. "As the ship went over," he said, "there was a wild rush of men clawing one another and piling up trying to open the watertight door. I was well at the back, and as the door opened I dived clear, grabbed a lifebelt, *ran along the smoke-stack, which was flat against the water*, and dived in. When I came up, the ship was gone. Of the crew of 341, about one hundred got off alive; but they did not last long in that sea. There were two rafts, but the sea kept driving them under, and even in a life-jacket I kept somersaulting and breathing water half the time. I was in the water for fifty hours, and just about done when I was picked up."

Despite the disaster, there was no alteration in the programme of the U.S. Fleet: pressure on the Japs was continued without abatement, and so great is the size of the Fleet and so magnificent the repair facilities that the damage and loss have now been made good

THE "LIFEBOAT SURGEON" OF DEAL BOARDS A MERCHANTMAN IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL: A dangerous feat carried out during the course of a recent 80-m.p.h. gale to attend to a sick seaman, showing how the lifeboat went alongside the ship (see *notes at right*)
—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

On left—

During the recent wintry gales in the Channel the "Lifeboat Surgeon" was called out a number of times to attend to seamen sick on board passing merchantmen: a photograph of him was reproduced in last week's issue of THE SPHERE.

In the drawing by Mr. McDowell given on the left, we show how Dr. James Hall's dangerous task of boarding the ships was carried out. On one occasion, a howling south-westerly gale, with mountainous seas, swept through the Straits at 80 m.p.h. In visibility cut to yards by driving rain-squalls, Dr. Hall went out in the Walmer lifeboat to answer a call from a passing steamer.

When a small vessel goes alongside a bigger one, she does so on the lee-side, to get as much shelter as possible and to prevent her being carried by the wind against the bigger vessel's side. If, however, the bigger ship rolls violently to leeward, it causes a "pressure wave" which will throw the smaller boat off. Consequently, skilful seamanship is required to bring the small boat alongside.

A ROCKET-BOMB SITE IS HIT BY THE R.A.F. AT THE HAGUE, despite its cunning location in a wooded park near an historic Dutch palace. The Spitfires taking part swooped down to bomb the site from a height of 5,000 ft.

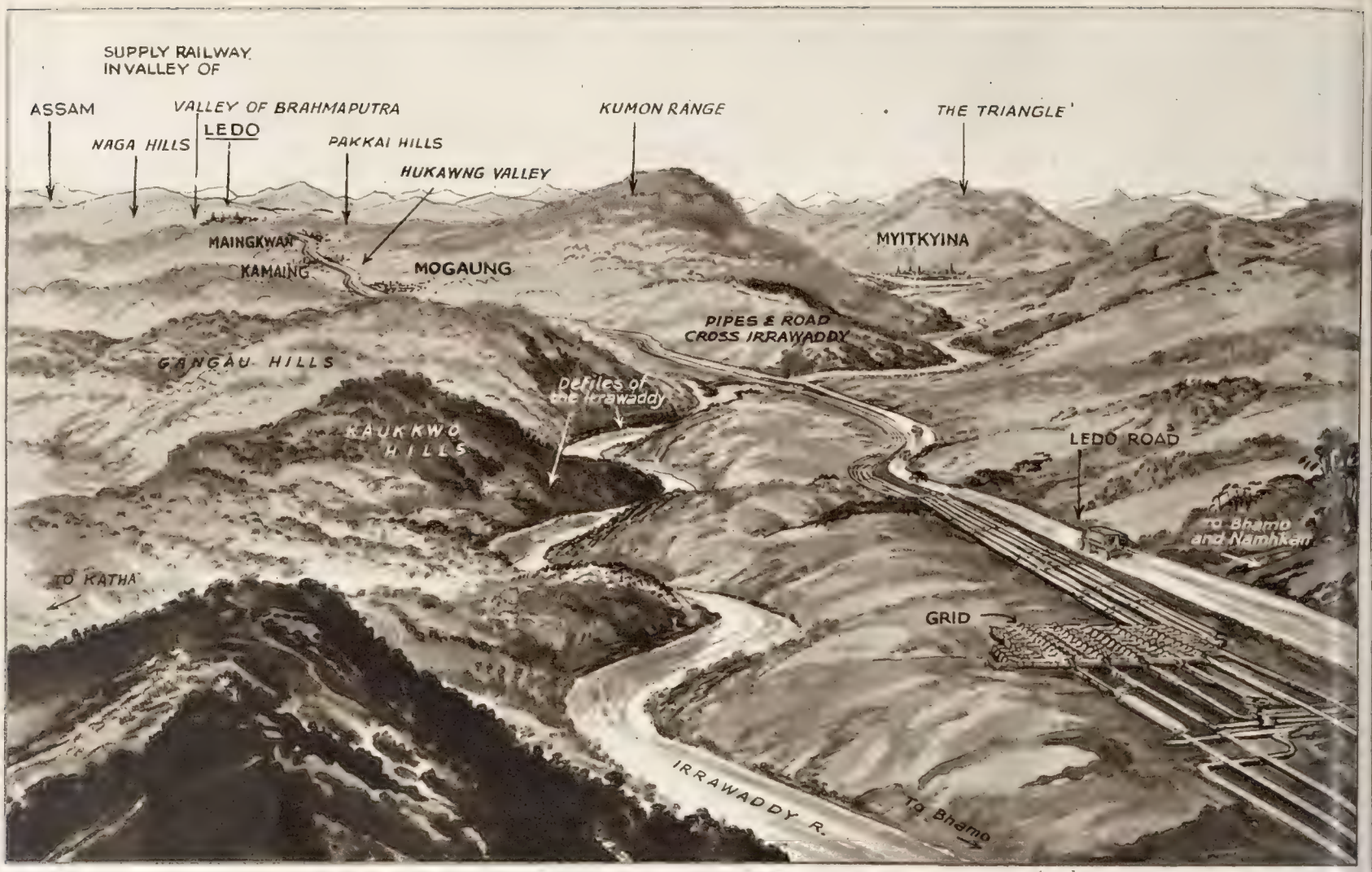
—Drawing by E. G. Lambert

BOMBING the GERMAN V2 SITES in Holland

Dutch civilians in The Hague a few days ago saw Spitfire bombers of Fighter Command swoop 5,000 ft. through flak to blast a V 2 storage and maintenance depot in the middle of the town. The attack was one of several made on V-weapon targets by fighter-bombers during the course of the same day. The target in The Hague lay in a wooded park surrounding the historic Huis Ten Bosch, or "House in the Wood," the former palace of the consort of the Prince of Orange: it is now used as a museum. Pilots saw their bombs fall within a few yards of the centre of their aiming points. Care was taken to do no damage to the Huis Ten Bosch itself.

***On left*—AN ACTUAL ATTACK ON A V 2 SITE IN PROGRESS.** A Spitfire bomber silhouetted against the smoke from its exploding bombs during a pinpoint attack on a V 2 storage depot and billets near the built-up area of a Dutch town. The picture was taken after the Spitfire had dived to drop its bomb load

HOW ALLIED PLANES ATTACK GERMAN TRAINS taking V 2 supplies and troops to places behind the battlefront in Holland and Belgium. Note the waggons derailed and the engine ablaze



THE LEDO ROUTE INTO CHINA IS OPENED, BY WAY OF MOGAUNG: This new road from India now crosses the Irrawaddy River and joins the old Burma Road at Namhkam. Running alongside it is a new pipe-line for oil—a wonderful feat of engineering carried out by U.S. Army Engineers (See notes below)—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The Reopening of the BURMA ROAD

The Crossing of the Irrawaddy River; and Other Pictures of the Campaign Against the Japs

—Special Sphere Drawings

On January 25 Lord Louis Mountbatten sent off telegrams to President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill stating that "The first part of the orders received at Quebec has been carried out: the Ledo route to China is open." When this plan was schemed at Quebec, two years ago, it seemed a wild and impossible dream to make a road from India, through the north of Burma, then held by the Japanese. It meant cutting a way for heavy traffic through dense jungles, among high mountains, and at the same time fighting a vigorous enemy. But on January 22 the Ledo-Burma Road was officially declared open, and a first convoy, having travelled along the Ledo Road and assembled at Myitkyina, was ready to start along the Burma Road, so long closed to traffic.

The linking-up of the Ledo-Burma Roads represents a magnificent achievement, carried out under strenuous difficulties. Chinese forces cleared the Burma Road running from Chungking, through Kweiyang and Kunming, driving the enemy from barrier after barrier, fighting in the great Salween River area, till at last there was only about 30 miles left to clear. This lay towards the Lashio end of the road, between Namhkam and Wanting. Namhkam was captured on January 13, after which the enemy was trapped around Wanting.

THE JAP SUPPLY LINES BETWEEN MANDALAY AND LASHIO ARE BOMBED BY THE ALLIES: The blocking of the important Japanese-operated Burma railway by the Tenth Air Force—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The area lying between Mandalay and Lashio is still controlled by Japanese troops. Their chief supply lines are the railway and the River Namtu: to block this route, bombers of the Allied Tenth Air Force caused a landslide in the cliffs above the railway and river. One hundred feet of cliff was blasted by 500- and 1,000-lb. bombs: in consequence, tons of earth cascaded down over the tracks and into the Namtu River. This railway is one of the few remaining lines of communication open to the enemy for the reinforcement of their troops in North Burma

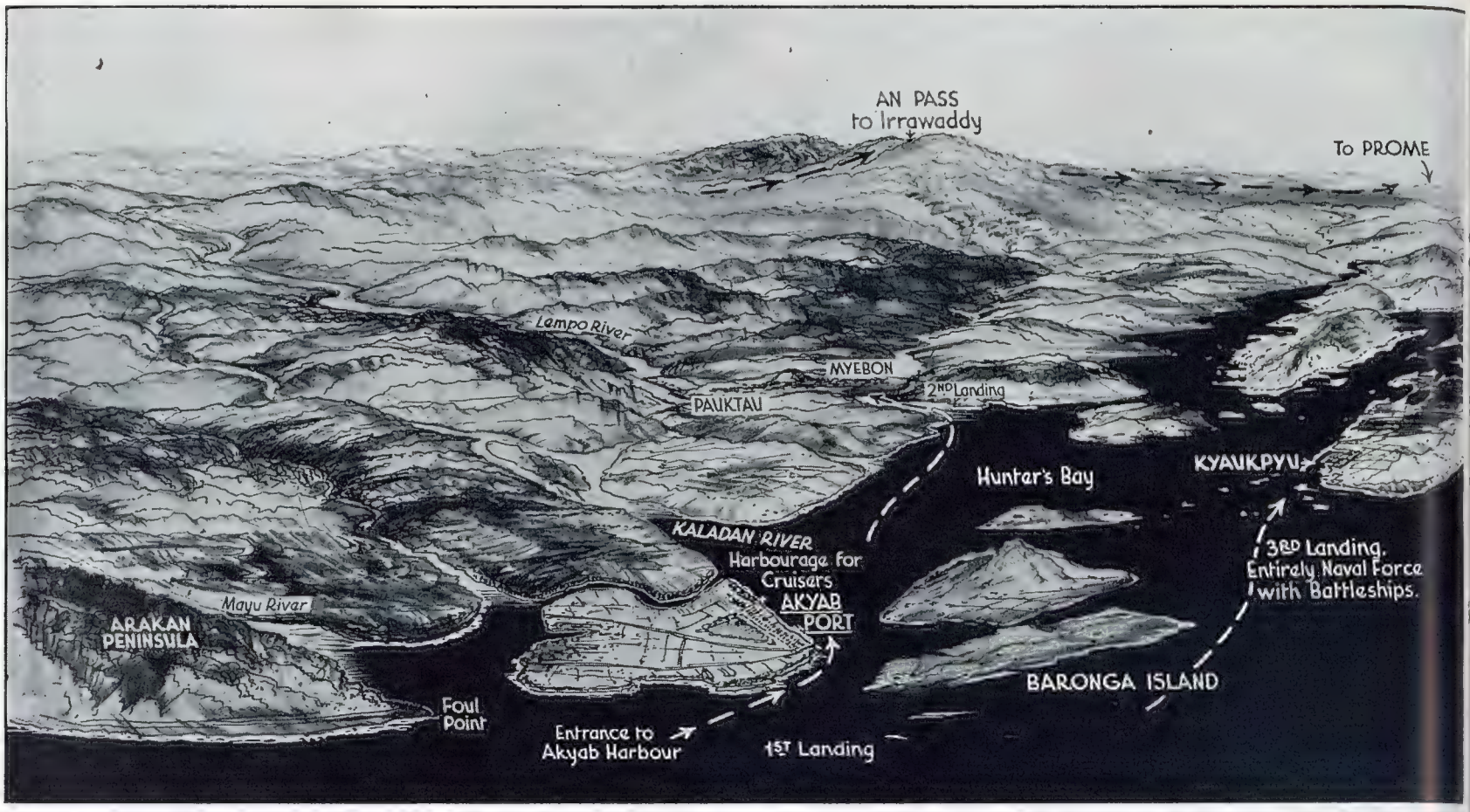
The story of the making of the Ledo Road cannot yet be given completely, but as one pieces it together from its start in December 1943, it can be seen to some degree what courage, physical strength and human endurance were required to face the primitive conditions in North Burma. The crossing of the Patkai Hills, forest-clad mountains of over 5,000 ft., bridging rivers, enduring the dark gloom of the oppressive jungles, were the ordinary tasks which faced the Indians of the Pioneer Corps and the American Engineers. Added to this came the misery of the monsoon, the clinging mud and the persistent evil of malaria. At the same time the enemy had to be fought and driven south, clearing the Hukawng Valley, along which the road was being laid. Gradually the Japanese were pushed away, till at last the road ended at Myitkyina, where a pause was enforced until the enemy could be driven out of Bhamo. Alongside this wonderful road a pipe-line is also being constructed from Calcutta, which will eventually pour oil into the heart of China. When completed, this will be the longest pipe-line in the world—1,800 miles long. All kinds of different oils can be pumped through the pipe, different colours being used to prevent any possible mistake.

THE BRIDGE AT YEU IS WRECKED BY THE R.A.F. : In their advance on Mandalay, Fourteenth Army troops entered the Burma township of Yeu (which lies 22 miles north-west of Schwebo and is the terminus of the railway to Mandalay *via* Monywan, on the Lower Chindwin). On the eastern fringe of the town runs the Mu River, which flows into the Irrawaddy at a point 25 miles east of Mandalay. This picture was taken from an R.A.F. reconnaissance plane of the wrecked bridge across the Mu, from Yeu to Schwebo, after successful attacks by R.A.F. and American aircraft of Eastern Air Command

A 30-MILE ADVANCE BY A BRITISH DIVISION IN BURMA : Operating near Pyingyaung (between Kalewa and Schwebo), a British Armoured Division assembled "in strength," for the first time in the Burma campaign, on Christmas Day and Boxing Day. They then pushed forward 30 miles in three days against determined Japanese resistance. They concluded the push with a successful attack on an enemy-occupied village and finally effected a junction with other Allied forces. This picture shows how Sherman and Lee tanks made their way along the dry bed of the Sipadon Chaung (a monsoon river of Central Burma) towards an enemy outpost, where the engagement was short and decisive

THE CROSSING OF THE IRRAWADDY RIVER AT A POINT ONLY 20 MILES FROM MANDALAY : Native craft were employed by the Allies for this purpose to bring up their forces to the neighbourhood of the former Burmese capital—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Two columns have been advancing towards Mandalay, one from the west after crossing the Chindwin, and another from the north by way of Bhamo and Katha. The latter is on the west side of the Irrawaddy. After capturing Katha, the northern forces pressed south and occupied the Irrawaddy River island town of Tigyiang. It was a first entry into Central Burma. This movement took the forces 30 miles downstream from Katha. Local Burmese who had been hiding in the hills and jungle returned in the wake of the British advance. Later reports brought the news that the northern force had crossed the Irrawaddy to the eastern, or left, bank of the river—that is, to the side on which the Burmese capital stands. The Japanese would appear to have been behaving much as the Germans have done, putting up a stiff delaying action and then vacating a position. The crossing of the broad Irrawaddy was successfully accomplished. The view given above shows where the comparatively low-lying banks provide a striking contrast to the imposing bluffs around Bhamo and the defile region beyond. The banks of the river are dotted with groups of pagodas on cliff-tops. They are generally built of brick and whitewashed, with touches of gold added. The approach to these shrines is usually a series of paved steps guarded by a pair of lion figures, ferocious in aspect, but with the jaws oftentimes occupied as a resting-place by birds. A particularly striking pair are to be found at Nimgau, on the western bank, a short distance north of Mandalay. The "lions" are sitting on their haunches with their front limbs stiff. "Dagoba" is perhaps the more precise word for these tapering memorials



THE OCCUPATION OF THE PORT OF AKYAB AND OTHER PLACES OF STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE ALONG THE ARAKAN COAST: were made by the Allied forces at points which will now serve as bases during further operations against the nature of coastline and hinterland from the Arakan Peninsula to Ramree Island—*Drawing*

ALONG THE BURMESE COAST

The Amphibious Landings in Arakan, and the Taking of Akyab Port

—With Special Sphere Drawings

At last, after two-and-a-half years of hard struggle and disappointment, success has been achieved on the Arakan coast. The island of Akyab, the goal so nearly reached on two previous offensives, is now occupied. After the Mayu Peninsula was cleared of the enemy, the Allies prepared an amphibious attack on Akyab, with naval and air forces, only to find that the Japanese had evacuated the day before. The naval landing was made on the west coast, while the Indian Division, which had been operating on the Mayu Peninsula, ferried across from Foul Point. The island was found to be considerably damaged, with buildings and shipping destroyed, presumably by Allied bombing.

As the third seaport in Burma, Akyab is a prize of some value. It lies round the corner of Akyab Island, and presents a straight frontage to the harbourage, which has water deep enough to take naval vessels up to cruiser size. There are a certain number of quays along the waterfront and two landing piers. A narrow waterway separates Akyab from the mainland. Its airfield can be used as a base for attacks upon Burma. The Japanese had used it for air raids on Calcutta, and had hoped, in the high tide of their victories, to use it as a base for the conquest of India. Akyab was occupied on January 3, and ten days later another landing was made at Hunter's Bay, 30 miles to the east, and a bridgehead established. This was for the purpose of harassing the enemy, who was trying to escape up the Kaladan Valley. A third landing took place on January 21 on Ramree Island, when the Air Force attacked the enemy's coastal defence in greater force than previously used in Burma. Ramree Island has little to recommend it beyond its strategic advantages, for it has a tremendous rainfall, very few inhabitants, is little cultivated and has a bad malarial record. At present it has only one small airfield, but there are opportunities for making others, and its position with regard to Taungup on the mainland, with the latter's connecting road to Prome on the Irrawaddy, opens up possibilities for air attacks on vital areas. The island is 45 miles long; its chief town, Kyaukpyu, being at the northern end.

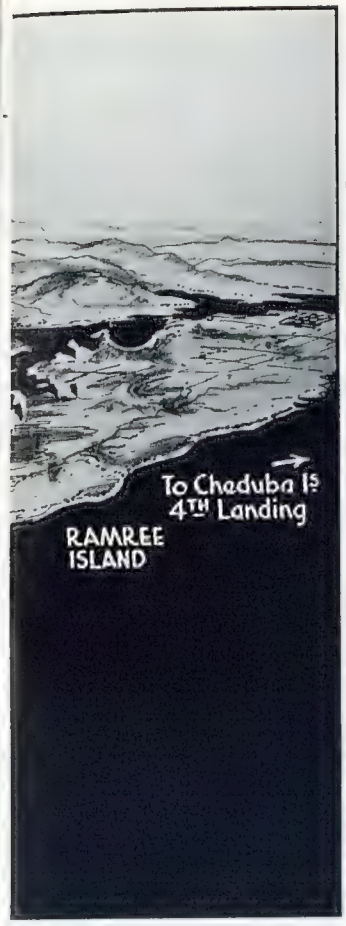
A fourth landing, undertaken by British Commandos, was effected at Kangaw, on the Arakan coast, 35 miles east of Akyab, on January 24, when the enemy were beaten off and a bridgehead established. Cheduba Island, south of Ramree was the scene of the fifth landing undertaken during the month of January.

On right — On the morning of January 12, British Commando troops landed on the south tip of the Myebon Peninsula, in Hunter's Bay, approximately 32 miles from Akyab town as the crow flies. The landing where this picture was taken was made under fire from machine-guns and 75-mm. guns, and was the first combined operation in Burma against Jap opposition. The enemy positions were overrun and silenced by Army and Marine Commandos, supported by Sherman tanks of an Indian Cavalry Regiment

THE LANDING ON MYEBON: British Commandos wading ashore from a landing craft of the Royal Indian Navy. This landing, at Hunter's Bay, was made ten days after the occupation of Akyab

ANCIENT BURMESE CANNON AT "THE POINT," three miles from the centre of Akyab. In the background is the harbour. The port was taken without a shot being fired; it will now be able to handle supplies for the western flank of our armies advancing in Burma

AS TOWNS ALONG THE KALADAR RIVER, IN ARAKAN, ARE FREED, villagers row out to greet our ships in craft prominently displaying the Burmese flag. By land and sea and air, the Allies are relentlessly searching out the Japs and forcing them from Arakan, which is now practically under our domination



Where the amphibious landings the Japs. This diagram shows *by Percy Home*

THE HARBOUR FRONTAGE AT AKYAB, WITH THE BADLY-WRECKED TOWN IN THE BACKGROUND : The third port in Burma, Akyab was occupied on January 3, after having been in Jap hands for two years; it was found to be abandoned by the enemy, and many parts of it had suffered severely at the hands of Allied bombers. It is an all-weather port, where steamers up to 8,000 tons were accommodated before the war: it has half-a-dozen airfields, including at least one all-weather strip; and it will now serve as a base for further operations

AN AUSTRALIAN DESTROYER OF THE NAPIER CLASS ROUNDS "THE POINT" TO ENTER THE PORT OF AKYAB—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

During the operations which culminated in the occupation of Akyab, destroyers of the Royal Australian Navy co-operated with the force that advanced down the Mayu Peninsula: as a compliment to them, one land operation was termed "The Melbourne Cup"! In the drawing above, on the extreme left, is the Oyster Reef marked with a light-buoy: in the distance beyond are the hills of Arakan, with Akyab visible between the destroyer and the lighthouse on Baronga Island. The harbour lies round the south corner of Akyab Island and is well protected to serve as an anchorage for quite big vessels. The Napier class of destroyers consists of three vessels each of 1,690 tons: they are 348 ft. in length and carry a complement of 183. All were laid down in 1939, completed in 1941 and transferred to the Royal Australian Navy for manning the same year. (*Nestor*, which also belonged to the class, has been lost.) The destroyers are armed with six 4·7-in. guns: their speed is 36 knots

GERMAN TOWNS are FALLING to the ALLIES

Pictures Taken After the Occupation of a Number of Them by the British 2nd Army During the Recent Push Towards the Roer River

JANUARY 19 : After the British had entered SCHILBERG, in the Sittard area, where the Second Army advanced only against stiff German opposition. An enemy counter-attack at this village (lying to the south-east of Echt) was beaten off, and Schilberg is now firmly in our hands. This German anti-tank gun was knocked out in the fighting

JANUARY 22 : At dawn on this day British troops, supported by tanks, launched an attack east of Maeseyck, which resulted in the capture of the village of WALDENRATH, amongst others. Over 100 prisoners were taken. Waldenrath is within two miles of the Geilenkirchen-Heinsberg road

JANUARY 24 : Infantry of the British Second Army entered the German town of HEINSBERG, three miles west of the Roer, on this day, and then fanned out beyond it. It is the biggest town in the triangle between the Maas and Roer rivers south of Roermond, and was found to be greatly damaged by Allied bombing and shelling

HOW THE BRITISH TANKS ATTACKED BY SEARCHLIGHT IN THE SITTARD REA

column swept down a winding minor road aided by "artificial moonlig" midnight! The whole of the surrounding countryside was lit up by the new blasting winds and snow which blinded and soaked the infantry, but wit

JANUARY 25 : The German town of WALDFEUGHT, south-east of Maeseyck, fell to British troops after heavy fighting and the destruction of two Tiger tanks by a 6-pounder gun attack. These two tanks had been holding up the capture of the town. In this picture are seen carrier troops who were making a patrol of the streets : hearing a noise, they immediately opened fire with a Sten gun into the damaged houses, while the rest of the patrol took cover

REA IN THE REGION OF SCHILBERG : An impression of the scene when an armoured
" provided by mobile searchlights which even created an artificial rainbow about
ew technique. When this attack was launched, the weather was still bitter, with
ith no hard frost to make the going easy for the tanks—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

British troops recapture ZETTEN after a battle in a blizzard. Attacking through very bad weather, this village lying to the north of the River Waal and to the north-west of Nijmegen was captured by British infantry supported by Canadian armour. The tanks covered the roads leading into the town and gave supporting fire to the attackers. Many prisoners were taken during the action, which again gave us possession of a town where the Germans had previously been successful in a counter-attack

GERMAN REFUGEES ARRIVE AT A RECEPTION VILLAGE BEHIND THE ALLIED LINES : As more and more villages are taken by the Second Army on the Western Front, an increasing number of German civilians, who prefer to stay behind rather than face a withdrawal into Germany, are coming to light. These people are being dealt with by Civil Affairs. After they have been thoroughly investigated, they are returned to German villages which have become rear areas in our advance, and given billets. This picture shows a general view of the refugees piling into the lorries to go to a reception village

A BATTLE OF FIVE AGAINST FIFTY: British fighter-bombers against a greatly superior force of German fighters—a recent example of the fighting spirit of the Spitfire pilots during an action in the Wesel area in Holland. Odds of more than ten to one were accepted recently by five Canadian Spitfire bombers of the Second Tactical Air Force when they spotted a formation of more than fifty German Messerschmitts whilst on patrol over the Wesel area. The Spitfires at once jettisoned their bombs and tore into the enemy, destroying four of them and damaging one other. This was achieved for the loss of only one Spitfire, the pilot of which was thought to have made a safe landing by parachute

The WORK of the SPITFIRES over the WESTERN BATTLEFIELD

Battle Incidents Depicted in a Series of Special Drawings by Roland Davies

OPERATING OVER AN ENEMY AIRFIELD IN NORTH-WEST GERMANY, Spitfires shoot down Nazi F.W.190's just as they were attempting to take off

In a recent communique from the Western Front, it was stated that, in one hour, aircraft of the Second Tactical Air Force on offensive sweeps over North-West Germany and in the area north-east of the former "bulge" destroyed twelve enemy aircraft. Spitfires found a number of F.W.190's attempting to leave an airfield during this period and a "dog-fight" followed; in the course of it six of the enemy planes were shot down another Spitfire squadron in the same area accounted for three more

THE UNARMED SPITFIRE WHICH FORCED A GERMAN JU. 88 TO CRASH: How the British pilot manœuvred to bring about this extraordinary decision

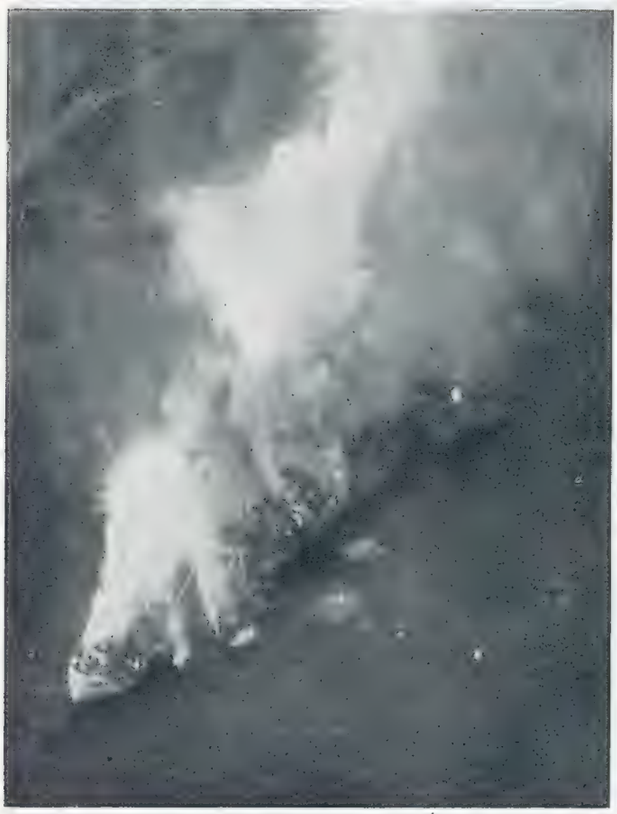
Although his special photographic reconnaissance plane did not have a gun of any kind, an Australian pilot sent a Junkers 88 crashing to probable destruction after a "dog-fight" far inside Germany. The German pilot must have identified the Spitfire as an unarmed type, for he immediately altered course to engage it. The Australian had a big margin of speed over the Ju. 88 and could have got away: but he decided to teach the German a lesson and flew straight at him. He began to fly round in circles, which became tighter and tighter—a feat which the Spitfire could do better than the Junkers. Just before the Australian pilot "blacked out" momentarily, he saw the German stall on a turn and fall: the enemy plane was last seen disappearing through cloud at 3,000 ft., falling in such a way that no aircraft of such size could hope to pull out of it

AN ALL-DAY ATTACK BY ALLIED AIRCRAFT ON A KEY BRIDGE during the retreat of von Rundstedt's army in the Ardennes

The great assault carried out on the Germans retreating from Belgium was unleashed by a pilot who saw enemy columns in the Third Army's zone converging on Dassburg. At this point there is a single bridge: on it the bombers who responded to the pilot's call concentrated, and soon the traffic pouring eastwards was in chaos. Throughout the day German engineers attempted to repair the bridge and erect emergency spans, but our medium bombers struck again and again to keep the road to the east closed to the Wehrmacht

NEW TYPES OF ALLIED AIRCRAFT

And New Pictures Showing Developments In the War by Air Throughout the World



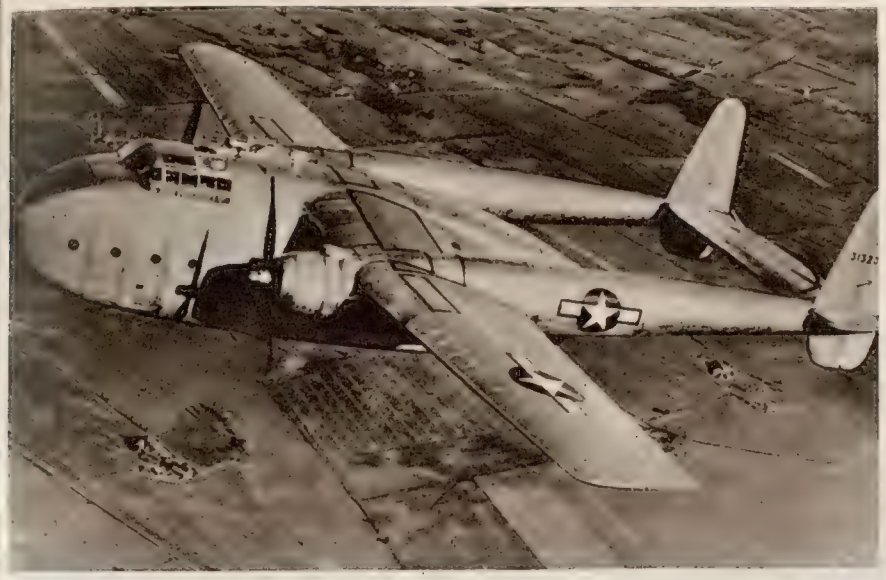
COASTAL COMMAND MOSQUITOES ATTACK GERMAN SHIPPING IN NORWAY : The bow of a burning enemy merchantman aground on a rocky island in Kraakhellesund after attacks by rocket-firing aircraft. The Germans were attempting to salvage the ship when it was set on fire by two Mosquito attacks in half-an-hour. "Ship-busters" of R.A.F. Coastal Command have forced the Germans to hide their shipping in Norwegian fjords miles away from the sea—and only then at night or when it is foggy. Rocket-firing Mosquito patrols search out these fjords, often flying more than 70 miles inland over snow-covered mountains, and inflict heavy losses on the enemy.

GOING INTO THE ATTACK : A Mosquito of R.A.F. Coastal Command begins the swoop down on to German vessels sheltering at Nordgulen. There were eleven ships tucked away in this spot. Of these, four merchantmen, an armed trawler, a tug and one other unidentified vessel were left on fire, while two of the motor-vessels were blazing furiously and are believed to have sunk

BRITAIN'S LATEST AIR LINER, WHICH WILL BE USED ON THE ENGLAND-AUSTRALIA AIR ROUTE—an impression of the Lancastrian on the ground. This new plane is the civil version of the famous Lancaster bomber; it is soon to begin its flights on the Australian mail and passenger service, and is an example of what can be done quickly and cheaply to produce a fast, long-range air liner using standard bomber facilities. The Lancastrian has a maximum speed of 310 m.p.h., and a range of about 4,000 miles. The normal crew consists of five—captain, second pilot, navigator, radio operator and steward: the latest navigational and radio equipment is carried, and a small kitchen provides food and drinks. Lancastrians have, for some time past, been operating a service three times a week across the North Atlantic between Montreal and Scotland

How mail and baggage are loaded through the nose of the giant Lancastrian

***On left*—THE AERIAL HIGHWAY TO RUSSIA :** The new North-West Staging Route is as vital as its land counterpart the Alaska Highway, which stretches from Edmonton, in Alberta, to Fairbanks, in Alaska. The Route consists of a string of airports leading into Russia : it was built by the Canadian Government and offered for use to the United States. Canada is prepared to pay for further extensions. Here an armada of American-built aircraft are waiting on the airport at Fairbanks to be ferried across to Siberia. An American transport is just landing on the runway



THE NEW U.S. MILITARY TRANSPORT PLANE, the C-82 "Packet": This cargo- and troop-carrier aircraft is the newest addition to the American Army's air transport. Its roomy fuselage can carry ten tons of fighting equipment, or at least forty fully-equipped para-troopers. The men can leave the plane in half the time usually required, because they do so in two lines between double doors at the rear of the fuselage between the twin tail-booms protected from violent air currents. The C-82 can handle artillery, tanks or trucks, and is also capable of towing gliders. Its range is 3,500 miles

A ROCKET-ASSISTED TAKE-OFF by a Barracuda on the escort carrier "Trumpeter": Taken during a recent winter patrol, this picture shows how the plane is shot along the deck by the rockets fixed under both wings of the Barracuda. The take-off run is materially reduced by this means, which is now in use in both the British and American Fleets

ANOTHER AMERICAN CARGO PLANE, THE NEW C-97, showing a light Army lorry rolling down the ramp through doors at the rear which open like a bomb-bay. The C-97 is the counterpart of the B-29 Super-Fortress: it is described by the U.S. Air Force as exceeding all existing transports in range, pay-load and size. With the exception of the huge fuselage, the plane is identical with the B-29, and the wing-spread is the same. There are 10,000 cubic feet of usable cargo-space—more than twice that of the Super-Fortress. Huge cargo doors make possible the transport of two light tanks. The plane can carry 100 infantrymen and their equipment non-stop for 2,000 miles in less than ten hours. Four engines give the monster a speed of over 300 m.p.h.

THE FIRST JET-PROPELLED HELICOPTER: This is the "Helicospeeder," just designed by Antoine Gazda, in the United States. It boasts more speed, stability and controllability than ordinary aircraft of this type. The plane's unorthodox design omits the usual auxiliary rotor fixed at the tail of other helicopters

MOSQUITO NIGHT-FIGHTERS IN FRANCE: Over 250 German aircraft have been shot down since D-Day by night-fighters operating from bases on the Continent. They have maintained patrols in all weathers, protecting Allied land forces and installations from enemy attack

THE FIRST HELICOPTER FORMATION FLIGHT: Three of the weird aircraft descend together during a demonstration at Detroit. During the celebration of "Michigan Aviation Week," Army experts and members of the Michigan Aero Club witnessed this extraordinary sight. Three helicopters of the R-5 type, designed by Igor Sikorsky and built by the Nash-Kelvinator Company, settled to earth on a small aerodrome with extraordinary precision one after the other in the presence of their well-known designer. Quantity production of these helicopters is now under way: a number of important military functions have been assigned to them

AFTER THE CAPTURE OF FORLI, THE FLORENCE ROAD (ROUTE 67) LINKS THE MAJOR CITIES OF ITALY.

A snow-plough arrives to keep the road open. To the people living in the area, the capture by the Eighth Army of Forli, on the Florence Road (Route 67) opens up a route to a new world. Virtually cut off from the rest of Italy by the Apennines and the sea, Route 67 has become the way out for all whose business takes them to the three major cities of Italy freed by the Allies—Florence, Rome and Naples. At this time of the year the road across the Apennines is treacherous, and any vehicle that makes the trip can only do so by using chains. No vehicle is allowed to proceed without them. Up in the mountains the snowfall is heavy, and a small army of Italian labour, assisted by snow-ploughs, is busy day and night keeping the road open to traffic. In many places, the road is little different from an ice-rink, and without chains vehicles could not avoid sliding off the road and plunging down the mountain-side

R.A.F. OFFICERS BUILD A HOUSE IN SOUTHERN ITALY: One of them toasts his feet in front of the "old-world" fireplace

At an R.A.F. airfield in Southern Italy, three officers have built themselves a house. Anticipating a cold winter, they collected stones from bombed buildings, bricks and pieces of wood from rubble piles—determined not to winter in a tent. To-day they have a stone cottage, cemented with mud, with a tin roof about 20 ft. long by 15 ft. wide and 10 ft high. They call it "Casa Grande." There are two rooms; the living-room has a brick fireplace, a radio and a porcelain wash-basin with running water. The floor is of brick, set in the design found in Italian farmhouses. Leading off is the bed-room, with three beds. It has two windows made from Perspex, as in the living-room. The three officers who built this house are Pilot Officer George Arnott, of Alberta, Canada; Flight Lieut. James Hardy, Stockton-on-Tees; and Flight Lieut. Cecil Mohs, of Edmonton, Canada

From Many of the WORLD'S BATTLEFRONTS

Recent Pictures of Events in Different Theatres of War

AFTER THE SNOWS COME THE THAWS IN ITALY: With the first thaw, the River Santerno, on the Eighth Army's front on the Adriatic, rose three feet in a few hours, and became a raging torrent. This pontoon-bridge was carried away, despite all the efforts of the Royal Engineers to save it. Floating ice, which ripped the canvas boats forming the bridge, caused the trouble. When the floods subside, the Royal Engineers will have all their work at this spot to do over again

WITH THE ROYAL SIGNALS IN THE SUDAN—a contrast in climate: A small detachment of men of the Royal Signals are on duty at Port Sudan, keeping contact with British Army Headquarters at Khartoum and with the other Army units throughout the Sudan. There are two British sergeants in charge of native signalmen. Most of the Sudanese personnel in the detachment speak English very well, having been students before joining the Army. Here Sergeant J. Bennett and Sergeant J. Barringer are seen operating a wireless set. On the right is Ahmed El Hag El Sidig, of the Gaaly tribe

IN GREECE: Scottish pipers sound "Retreat" in Athens. At 4 p.m. on January 12 the first big crowd to gather in the capital since the disastrous funeral procession on December 4, 1944, collected in Constitution Square. They were taking advantage of the truce with E.L.A.S. to watch the sounding of "Retreat" by the pipe band of a Scottish Paratroop Regiment. The ceremony took place in the Square outside the Old Palace, in front of the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior. In the City of Athens, affairs have quietened down whilst the conferences are in progress

THE REGENT REVIEWS THE GREEK FLEET: Archbishop Damaskinos went to the Piraeus on January 23. He toured the harbour in a launch, and then boarded the famous cruiser *Averof* for an inspection. Here he is seen coming on deck after lunching with the officers on board

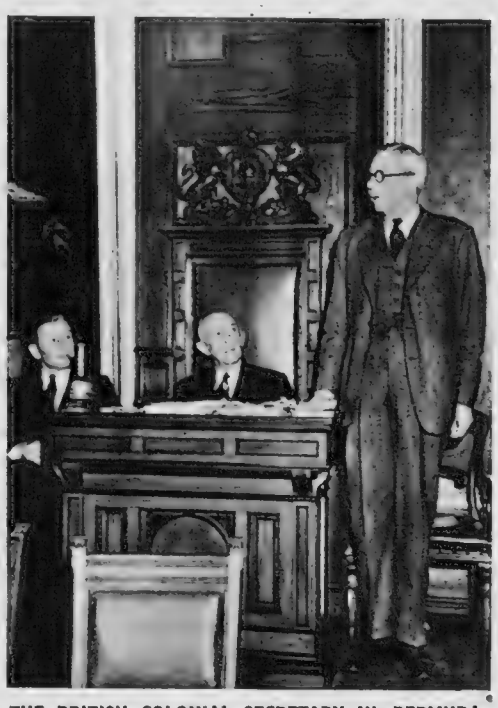
THE DIRECTOR OF THE AMERICAN WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS IS DECORATED IN WASHINGTON : The Secretary of War, Mr. Henry L. Stimson, is here congratulating Colonel Oveta Culp Hobby, Director of the W.A.C. She is the first woman to receive the Distinguished Service Medal in this war, and she was honoured for her "important contribution to the war effort." In the background, from left to right, are—General George C. Marshal, General Henry H. Arnold, Lieut.-General Ben Lear and Lieut.-General Wilhelm D. Styer

"THE FIVE-STAR ADMIRAL" in his new uniform : Admiral William D. Leahy is Chief of Staff to the C.-in-C. of the U.S.—President Roosevelt. This is the uniform he has been wearing since he was elevated to the new rank of five-star Admiral : it bears an added stripe on the sleeve, five stars instead of four on the shoulder and in the collar insignia. Admiral Leahy was formerly U.S. Ambassador to Vichy .

THE A.T.S. OF INDIA TEACH BRITISH SOLDIERS HOW TO DARN : The W.A.C.I. (Women's Auxiliary Corps, India) are taking a great part in the Eastern war effort. They have discarded their bright saris and have assumed the dull, workaday khaki. The W.A.C.I., now 8,000 strong, is nearly three years old, but it has already won a vital place in the Empire's war effort. Here two British soldiers are acquiring an art which may stand them in good stead when they reach the Burmese jungle in pursuit of the Japs.

A NAVAL PILOT'S REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM DEATH : Returning from a combat operation over the Philippines, this U.S. Hellcat landed on the deck of the carrier too near the edge of the flight-deck. In the upper picture, one wheel is seen just going over the rim, while the gun crew underneath duck for cover]: in the lower picture, the aircraft is seen breaking up. One wing and the auxiliary "belly" tank are seen in the air. The pilot was eventually picked up by an escorting destroyer—unhurt, except for cuts and bruises : he was on duty again within a few hours

REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE APES ON GIBRALTAR : Captain Fitzgerald with "Kathleen," a two-year-old recruit from French Morocco. For many years there has been a legend to the effect that if Gibraltar's famous apes ever leave the Rock, it will cease to be a British colony. Last year it seemed as though the first half of the legend might be fulfilled, the numbers having gradually dwindled. Mr. Winston Churchill accordingly ordered some fresh ape "stock" to be imported from Tangier. The British Army authorities take an official interest in the apes. They are on the garrison strength, and a definite scale of rations in fruit, nuts and sweet potatoes is laid down for them



THE BRITISH COLONIAL SECRETARY IN BERMUDA : Colonel the Rt. Hon. Oliver Stanley thanking Bermuda for granting bases to America, during his visit to the House of Assembly on the island. With him on the platform are the recently-appointed Governor, Lord Burleigh (on left) and Sir Reginald Conyers, Speaker of the House

"PENTHOUSE" OFFICES ON THE ROOF OF A SYDNEY BUILDING which covers 10,000 square feet : Unable to find accommodation for its ever-growing staff, the New South Wales Taxation Department has erected "pent-house" offices on the roof of the Commonwealth Savings Bank building in Sydney. In two years the Department has increased by 30 per cent., because of Service men's problems and Pay-As-You-Earn. The "pent-house" will accommodate a staff of 120, who hope to move into more permanent quarters soon

The "CONCENTRATION" of a GREAT BRITISH INDUSTRY

How Soft Drinks Have Been Produced, Despite the Conscription of Man Power and Factory Space for War Purposes

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

EVERY war produces a rash of initials. This has been no exception. Someone ought to start a competition with a prize for the person who finds the longest series of initials to designate an individual. I know two which have eight. There must be others still more unwieldy.

Which leads up to the initials of S.D.I., printed on all mineral water and squash bottles for the past two or three years. Certain cynics who were unable to obtain their favourite soda-water or lime juice suggested that the utility label stood for "Some Die Instantly." This was unfair. The Ministry of Food, under Lord Woolton, combined with the Soft Drinks Industry (hence, S.D.I.) in producing the most intelligent rationalisation scheme any group of manufacturers have had the sense to formulate and achieve.

The manufacture of soft drinks was not at the outbreak of war regarded as deserving of any priority (shades of Lady Astor and the Blue Ribbon League, or some such), and much less so when the "phoney-war" stage ended with the rapid dispersal of munition factories necessitated by the *Luftwaffe*. Over 200 mineral factories were commandeered under the auspices of the Board of Trade and other Government departments. Not only this, the Ministry of Labour went straight for the Soft Drinks Industry when not only the three Services but the armament industry were short of recruits. Actually, though 145,000,000 gallons of soft drinks were bought and consumed by the British public in 1940-41, the Soft Drinks Industry employed only 22,000 people; so that any conscription of their members was heavily felt.

The Soft Drinks Industry now comprises 9,200 fewer employees than it did at the outbreak of war—a decrease of, approximately, 40 per cent. There has been, too, a reduction of 47 per cent. in the total carrying capacity of vehicles delivering soft drinks, with a corresponding reduction in petrol. About 2,000,000 sq. ft. of covered factory floor space have been released for the war effort; and, in addition to the hundreds of factories telescoped, nearly 200 depots used for the distribution of soft drinks have been closed so far.

Lord Woolton, however, in this instance as in others, showed that he was the most far-seeing Minister (with the exception of Mr. Churchill) in the Cabinet. When his colleagues did not realise the importance of the continuation of soft drinks during wartime, he appreciated that citrous drinks like lemon squash and orange squash were of vital importance to the national health, and that even the teetotallers needed to have their morale maintained. Thus it was that he issued a directive to the Soft Drinks Industry desiring them to effect the maximum economy in production and distribution, at the same time maintaining their output as far as possible.

As a result of this, a committee of the leaders of the industry was formed and a scheme was produced. Its fundamental principles were:

(1) That each factory remaining in production would operate for the benefit of the industry as a whole, and manufacture and sell drinks of standardised quality of a limited range.

(2) The selling price of each size and variety of drink would be fixed and the omnibus label of S.D.I. would take the place of all brand names.

(3) The profit would be distributed to operating and closed factories on the basis of their average profits for the three years ending December 31, 1940.

(4) The system of deliveries would be radically rationalised, and door-to-door sales would be discontinued.

It was also agreed that the scheme was to be a purely wartime measure and would lapse as soon as possible after the armistice.

To reach agreement on all these points was not as difficult as would appear. The quantity and quality of soft drinks must always depend on the amount of sugar and other ingredients, including citrous juices, available. The latter were bought in bulk by Government agents. The sugar situation depended on sugar-beet in this country and the shipping space available to bring cane sugar from overseas.

The higher-grade manufacturers naturally regretted that they could not continue to maintain the superlative excellence of their products, the merits of which had been kept before the public for years by costly advertising. Many of the smaller firms, however, were not so disturbed, as the scheme raised automatically the quality of their soft drinks. But for both grades of manufacturer the scheme was of some benefit. It prevented a racket in *ersatz* soft drinks which had rapidly gained headway during the first two years of the war; for instance, synthetic concoctions made from saccharin (no sugar), citric acid, colouring material and a little flavouring (but no fruit juice) were being sold up and down the country at real Black Market prices before the rationalisation scheme came into being.

From the day of the formation of the Committee onwards, the social status of the industry has been continually raised. Hundreds of samples of soft drinks are taken haphazard every week from the bottles of hundreds of manufacturers and sent to public analysts. If these do not contain the correct ingredients, the manufacturers are warned. If the warning is not heeded, their factories are closed.

The rationalisation scheme closed further factories in addition to those requisitioned by the Government, thus releasing floor space, man power and transport for the war industries. It reduced the total sugar consumption by 40,000 tons a year, which represents a great deal of shipping space. It saved quantities of petrol by banning the direct supply method of trading, thus localising distribution.

Further, it must have saved thousands of lives in the Middle East and the Far East by banning the manufacture of tonic water, which in good brands contains an appreciable quantity of quinine. Every reputable firm, as a matter of fact, realised that the quinine content in tonic water could not be used medicinally once it had been liquefied, and ceased the manufacture of tonic water almost as soon as Japan entered the war.

In the meantime, full marks must be given to the existing Committee of twenty-four members, who have proved that in spite of their normally unwieldy number, a complete industry (as keenly competitive as any other) can solve innumerable difficulties which would otherwise affect the public adversely.

There are all kinds of statistics, quite amusing ones, which I could quote in connection with the Soft Drinks Industry—the number of bottles of ginger beer sold annually in proportion to the number of bottles of ginger ale; or, again, the quantity of bottles of soda-water compared with those of lemonade. If it comes to that, few people probably realise how many different kinds of soft drinks there are. The average person would probably count up to eight or nine, but there were literally scores of them before rationalisation came into force. Even now, there are eleven different kinds of cordial on the market, from elderberry cordial to peppermint cordial; but I will content myself with the fact that 80 per cent. of all soft drinks produced are made by less than one-third of the total firms engaged in the trade, and that of the 1,250 members of the Soft Drinks Industry (Wartime) Association, 829 control more or less one-horse shows.

In view of the figure of 145,000,000 gallons of soft drinks drunk annually to-day, it is astonishing to realise how swiftly their sale has increased since the last war. Even in 1919, the trade was, with the exception of the sale of soda-water, ginger ale and tonic water, a kind of Cinderella industry (as compared with breweries), and catered mainly for schoolboys. I can very well remember a fearsome beverage which I lapped up as a comparative youngster which was known as "Cyclists' Fizz."

It was, of course, the Americans who were responsible for glamorising and maturing a schoolboy's drink up to a point where it became popular with the most fastidious sophisticates.

But it was a couple of Switzers named Schweppe and Paul who introduced almost simultaneously the manufacture of aerated waters 150 years ago in this country. At that time they were treated as purely medicinal on the line of Spa waters, like those of Malvern, Vichy or Harrogate; hence, the original name of "Mineral" waters, which has since fallen out of favour because it suggests that the contents are metallic instead of containing fruit and vegetable essences. For all reputable ginger ale and ginger beer contains an appreciable quantity of genuine ginger-root essence; and orange squashes, lime juice, and so on, when made by a good firm, can be counted on to contain proper proportions of the ingredients under the name of which they are sold.

It is to be hoped that after the war steps will be taken by the Ministry of Food and the Ministry of Health to guarantee, as in America, that no soft drinks can be sold with a misleading label. That, together with an increase in the number of soda fountains on American lines, will be the best guarantee for the further raising of the status of an industry which has done so much to deserve recognition during the war under conditions of peculiar difficulty.

It must be remembered that the factories were pecularly vulnerable to V-bombs, in view of the amount of glass bottles on the premises; while their presence in urban areas where labour was plentiful made them obvious targets for raids, not only by the *Luftwaffe*, but by the Ministry of Labour and the Ministry of Supply.

In spite of their troubles, they have maintained their output annually, and have, I repeat, made it impossible for any Black Market in soft drinks, as exists in hard liquor.

P.S.—I imagine that one of the chief headaches of soda-water manufacturers after the war will be to persuade whisky drinkers, who have perforce been drinking whisky and water, to revert to a whisky-and-soda.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

DURING THE GREAT FREEZE-UP IN BRITAIN

A PICTURESQUE SCENE AT A FAMOUS ENGLISH YACHTING CENTRE: Sailing craft in the frozen River Crouch at Battlesbridge, in Essex, where the surrounding Fenlands remained under a coating of ice and frost for many days, during the very prolonged cold spell which covered the whole of the British Isles until the middle of last week

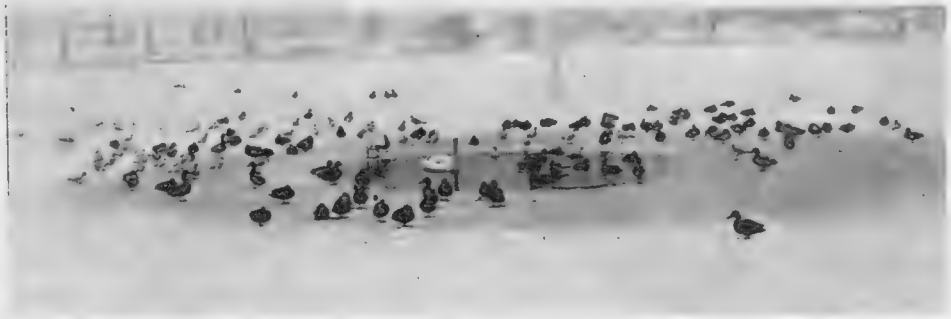
SCENES During the GREAT FREEZE-UP Throughout Britain

Arctic conditions which swept the whole of Britain recently have rarely been experienced in this country before. Considerable chaos prevailed throughout every area where heavy snowfalls and severe icing dislocated the public services: trains were many hours late at every point, and the distribution of coal and food reached a critical stage. In certain isolated areas food and mail were dropped to the local inhabitants by air. Although many football and race-going enthusiasts were disappointed, for a few days England enjoyed some of the best winter sport the country has known for many years.

COUNCIL WORKERS IN CARDIFF shovel the snow from the congested tramlines. In this region of South Wales the snowfalls were unprecedentedly heavy

KNEE-DEEP IN SNOW, the postman continues his deliveries in Cardiff, while two shoppers forge through the drifts to collect their food rations

EVEN THE THAMES FROZE OVER IN PLACES: The scene near Windsor Bridge, covered with sheet-ice, as the intense cold froze the slow-running waters



IN EPPING FOREST, NEAR LONDON: Wild-fowl on a frozen pond gathered round the one spot where the water remained free of ice. The great freeze-up had driven them from their usual haunts near by, and a great number of them perished

AT A WOODMANCOTE FARM, NEAR CHELTENHAM: A young farm worker brings in hay for the cattle on an improvised sled. The snowfalls created a lot of unproductive labour for the farmers, and entailed a great amount of extra work in feeding the cattle on the farms

A BULLDOZER IS CALLED IN TO CLEAR THE GLEN COVA ROAD: This road, running from Glen Cova to Cortachy, in Angus, was blocked for several days by deep snowdrifts. It was finally cleared by a bulldozer, and the villages were then revictualled

ON A CANAL NEAR LEEDS: The shallow waterway froze over completely; it had to be freed by "ice-breaker." The boat was towed by a team of horses, the crew rocking it violently from side to side as they progressed

CANAL CRAFT ICEBOUND: These barges were immobilised in the Slough arm of the Grand Union Canal. Not only were the canals frozen over, but many rivers throughout the country suffered in the same way

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

BURIED TREASURE.—R. L. Stevenson recently came into the picture again on the fiftieth anniversary of his death, an event I can (alas !) clearly recall. And, remembering R. L. S., readers remembered *The Sea Cook* and the origins of *Treasure Island*. As for the "schooner" controversy, it struck me with surprise that no one who supported this anachronism (or whatever is the appropriate word) recalled Stevenson's own explanation that he "had not the knowledge to handle a brig," but that he thought he "could sail his ship as a *schooner* without public shame." But that is a digression. The point is that Stevenson knew all about the eternal boy in grown mankind, and knew that the search for buried treasure was that eternal boy's eternal first priority.

Buried treasure is my theme, and the attics of the surviving country houses of England my Treasure Island.

This war must have purged many of them in the search for scrap paper; some it has burnt to the ground. Still, I believe the attics of our country houses and the old tin-boxes which gather dust in solicitors' offices could a tale unfold which might still alter history and at least revive our estimates and increase our knowledge of many a famous public figure in life and politics and literature, even from Shakespeare downwards.

Let me recall only one of the secrets long hidden which those tactics have revealed, and the light those secrets have thrown on the obscurities of history and on once-accepted finalities.

The chance discovery by an inquisitive clergyman of the *Thurloe Papers*, hidden in a ceiling in the Gate House of Lincoln's Inn, revised many historical judgments about the Commonwealth era and the Protectorate. That discovery was made in the reign of Queen Anne, and, as secrets go, it was not a long-hidden secret; but it was very important.

The Queen Anne parson who made the discovery was using as a lodging a friend's rooms. We may ask ourselves whether his inquisitiveness was not a proof of bad manners. We must exonerate him by the plea that the end justifies the means.

There are still, to-day, frightful gaps in our knowledge of the past, and the lacunæ and dark places in history are notorious. Still, to-day, we know almost nothing about our greatest Englishman—Shakespeare. We have one date fixed more or less accurately. The rest is silence, or, rather, clamorous guesswork and speculation.

The Literary Middens.—So it is that I have always resented the jibes of modernists and futurists at those literary men whose hobby it has been to "rake over the middens" of the past.

Archæologists well know how much we owe to the midden sites of primitive man in Britain for our sparse knowledge of their manner of life. And the literary middens are well worth the study of capable literary men. Yet such searchers as Andrew Lang were often trounced for their nostalgic researches into the past, on the basis that a live louse was better than a dead donkey.

But that premise rejects the value of history as a text-book for current politics and thought—a sweeping rejection. It puts all history books on a bonfire. It may be that we know enough now about the career of Charles Edward and that we have overdone the romance of the '45, the love-affairs of Elizabeth and Charles II and the squalid story of George IV and his queen; but a little more light on Shakespeare could hardly be regarded as redundant by the most modern of realists. And Shakespeare is by no means the only "glaring" instance of the black-outs of our history. I do not feel ashamed of my own lifelong interest in the middens and attics of the past, and am happy to remember the very few and trivial discoveries of potsherds which my researches brought to light.

Item, half-a-dozen letters from Byron to the wife of Nelson's Hardy, hidden for 100 years in one of Hardy's silk stockings (worn at Trafalgar), which solved at last the much-disputed attribution of the famous lyric "*when we two parted.*"

Item, a bookful of passages from the letters of Thomas Creevey which had lain hid for half-a-century or more in an attic in Northumberland before they were put in the way of Sir Herbert Maxwell in 1902. If these vast bundles had never come to light, the story of Waterloo, the history of the Reform Bill and the reigns of George IV and William IV would be considerably lacking in colour, if not in essential truth, to-day.

Items, a score more trivial discoveries about the lives of men long dead, from registries and parish records, old letters and so forth, of more interest to myself than to my readers or to history. Yet for me they have provided all the thrills that Flint's treasure afforded Jim Hawkins. Fortunately, the labourers in the midden still labour on, and in the salvage campaign, I stake my faith on the existence of treasure beyond pricing to satisfy the most ambitious Jim Hawkins and the hungriest searcher after the truth.

Light on Shakespeare is still a first priority for searchers. Time flies, and it is now many years ago that that stimulating discovery was made on the site of the reputed Inn in the Cornmarket at Oxford—was it Davenant's ?—which laid bare the painted chamber and revived the legend that that room was the guest-chamber in which travellers between Stratford and London in the sixteenth century may well have slept a night. And if so, why not Shakespeare ? And if Shakespeare, why should he not have brought a manuscript with him and left it by mistake in a recess behind the bed-head ? But there was no recess and no final draft of *The Tempest* or an unknown last play. That omission was the only crab to an enchanting discovery. But, none the less, we need not rule out yet as impossible the bringing to light of more knowledge of Shakespeare. The County of Warwickshire is still full of manor-houses; its parish registers and muniment rooms are not yet combed out. In a hundred great libraries there are books marginally noted and of great age, old books rebound in leather stuffed with old contemporary parchment writings. The search for Flint's treasure may and must go on, with undiminished hope and enthusiasm, and those who continue to comb the literary middens will receive from me encomium, not contempt.

Is the Mine Worked Out ?—I ask the question: Is the mine exhausted ? Are the ancient middens all laid bare ? How much remains to-day of interest, light and unsuspected knowledge of the past in the attics of our old country houses, in hidy-holes in wainscoats, in museums, in solicitors' old tin-boxes, in parish records, in dusty cupboards ? In spite of the ravages of war, the up-ending of social life, the flight from old homes, the paper-noble catalogue of re-discovered papers we may include the patient and yet chancy reassembly of Lord Torrington's notebooks, and several other journals by obscure observers of times past, whose publication has thrown fresh light on social life in the generations before us.

Jam Yesterday, Jam To-morrow ?—Heaven knows what the whipped-up enthusiasm for scrapping old papers may have cost our historians and social historians. Heaven alone can know how many rare treasures among books and manuscripts have been pulped, or how many essential clues to historical lacunæ have been converted from their old faded parchments and paper into modern newsprint and vehicles for official circulars. Perhaps my income-tax demand note, now to hand, once carried a secret which literary men would give an eye to know.

Yet, to be just, war necessity is not in this sphere the only juggernaut and destroyer of truth. Some of our Victorian ancestors, not so much in revolt against a hoarding generation, as doubly tinged with the muddy conventions and proprieties of that era, destroyed ruthlessly any family papers which might, even obliquely, compromise the characters of their own great-aunts. I believe a mass of Johnson-Boswelliana went that way in smoke on that account. And, in a small way, I remember as a youth once or twice to have tried to stay the destroying hands of my elders, dipped in our unimportant family papers

If this present, or our future, offered us enough, in fruit or blossom, of sweetness and colour, reason would that we should not fall back on bottled fruit or long-stored apples.

But, in truth, the storeroom shelves now and for some years may well offer us about all we can expect in the way of sweetness and light, and I, for one, shall continue to handle and examine those jars and pots for possible treasure.

It is the common experience of all but a small and happy minority of men who reach old age to judge that the treasure which man sets forth in search of, in hope and faith, is a will-o'-the-wisp or lies buried where the rainbow ends. Myself, I have kept some illusions and ideals in a disillusioning span of life, but my little stock is not so strong as to give faith that our immediate future holds for us fruits of such size and sweetness and colour as to justify scrapping the preserved fruits and jams.

Of the three jams—jam yesterday, jam to-day, jam to-morrow—I have put my money on the first.

ENGLISH PRISONERS OF WAR IN STALAG 383 PRODUCE A PLAY IN GERMANY: In a theatre which they have built themselves, and with scenery which looks anything but amateurish, these men amuse themselves and overcome the terrible boredom of prison-camp life. They are seen rehearsing Noel Coward's play *Hay Fever*. The admission price is cigarettes—the usual currency among prisoners

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (Haymarket).—Of the present series of classical revivals at the Haymarket, the latest, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, has evoked by far the most discussion. Not all the criticism, professional and otherwise, has been favourable by a very long chalk. The main reason for the pother, I fancy, is the obvious desire of those concerned in the production to be original at all costs. In the case of this play there are, to my mind, only three ways of dressing it—in the costumes of ancient Athens, where Shakespeare placed it; in those of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in which it was acted in the author's day; or (which Heaven forbid) in modern dress. At the Haymarket they have placed it somewhere about 1660, with Demetrius, cleverly acted by Mr. Francis Lister, looking very like King Charles II. For this reason, Mendelssohn's famous and lovely incidental music was not performed, as belonging to the wrong century. We certainly had some Purcell, but most of the music, which I enjoyed, seemed to be by that accomplished composer Mr. Leslie Bridgewater.

However, the chief fault I have to find with the performance was the lack of Shakespeare's own music. Mr. John Gielgud, that fine actor, spoke Oberon's glorious lines as if he were dictating a letter to his typist. He seemed either tired or bored, or both. Miss Peggy Ashcroft, as Titania, just gabbled, handicapped by a hideous costume (this, of course, was not her fault). Mr. Leon Quartermaine, as Theseus, was almost alone in being in the vocal tradition. The Puck of Mr. Max Adrian had plenty of impish agility, but this was hardly a wise choice; Puck should be less mature.

Since the clowns in the piece are not concerned with poetry they ran away with the show. Besides, they were individually first-rate, with Mr. Leslie Banks as Bottom and Mr. Miles Mallison as Quince, topping the list.

JOHN GIELGUD AS OBERON and Miss Peggy Ashcroft as Titania—an informal dressing-room picture

Panama Hattie (Adelphi).—This cheery musical play, which was bombed out of the Piccadilly Theatre at the height of its success, has now found a new home at the Adelphi. The cast remains the same, except that Mr. Richard Hearne, busy as "dame" in the Coliseum pantomime, has had to be replaced. There is still plenty of fun of the knock-about type, and although I got rather tired of sailors tap-dancing, I spent a lively evening. Miss Bebe Daniels is charming so long as she keeps away from the microphone. An outstanding success of the show is still that charming little dancing *soubrette*, Miss Frances Marsden.

WHERE BIG BOMBS ARE TESTED

Pictures Taken at a Secret Research Station in a Lonely Part of the Country

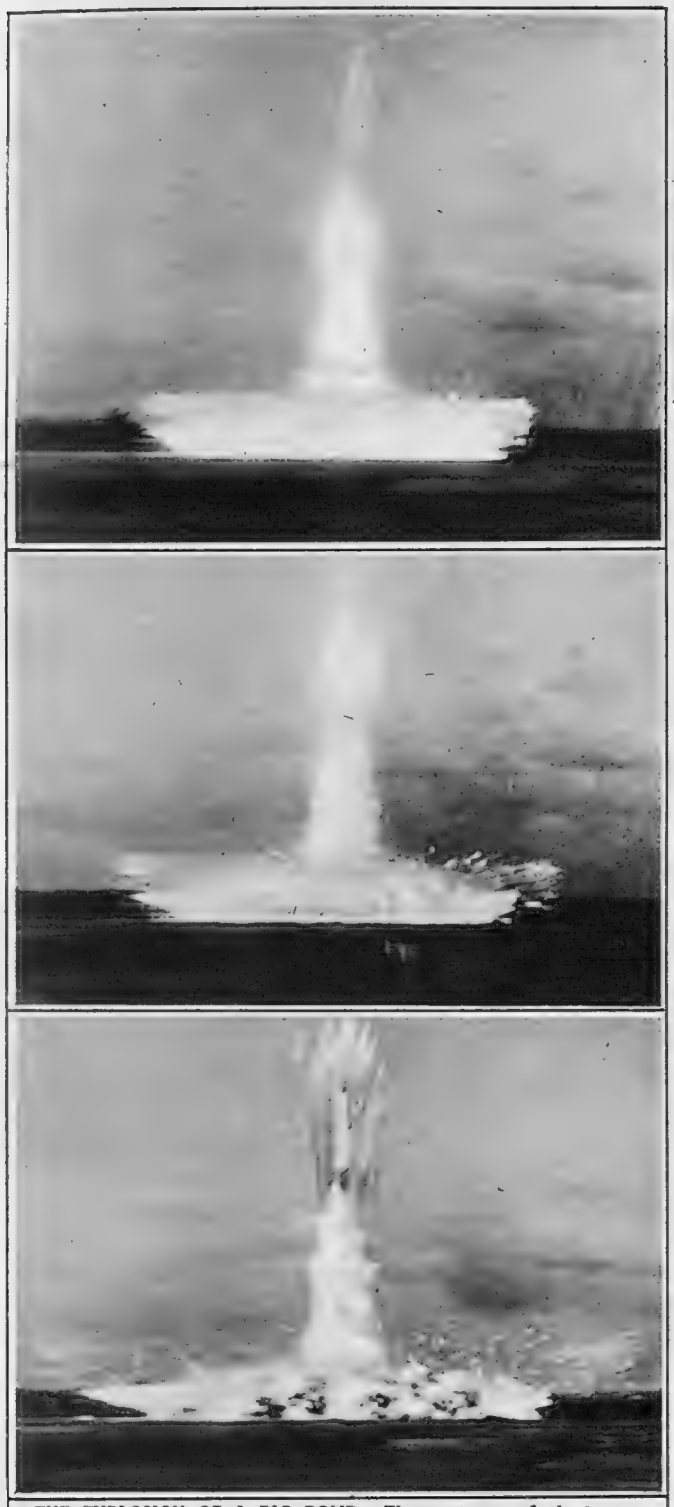
We know all about where the bombs go and the influence they have; but little public attention has been given to the people who design and test them. Owing to security reasons, only a little can be told and shown of the way the bombs are tested.

Somewhere in England, in a lonely part of the country, there is a Bomb Experimental Station, where young men and women in their twenties daily test the effects of different calibres of bomb. This station is a unit of the Armament Research Department controlled by the Ministry of Supply, who, in turn, work with the War Office, the Admiralty and the Air Ministry.

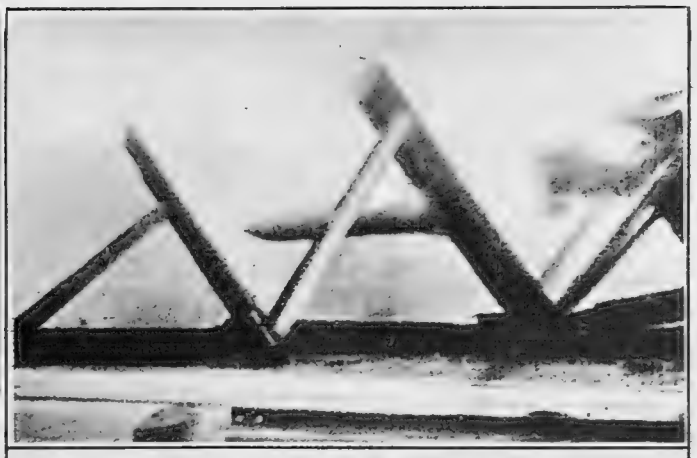
A major part of what is described as routine work is testing bombs of all sizes and description for their "pressure value," meaning blast. Close study is also made of fragmentation; from these results an accurate estimation of the wounding power of a bomb or shell is known.

The work of this station is of vital importance to the Bombing Commands; from time to time, bomber crews visit this experimental station to compare notes. Its scientists are able to tell the airmen just what effect the bombs they drop will have against a whole range of targets. They know, for instance, the precise amount of blast which any one bomb will produce when dropped from a certain height. From this they can work out the precise composition of bombs required to demolish a given target.

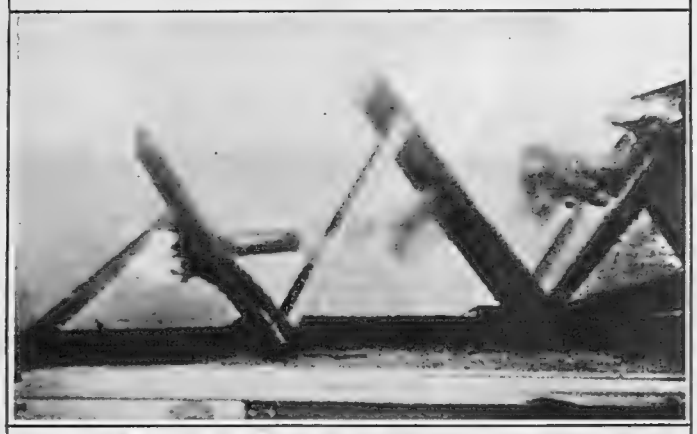
The most accurate records of the test are obtained by filming the explosion. The special camera which does this has to reach a speed of 2,000 frames per second before firing.



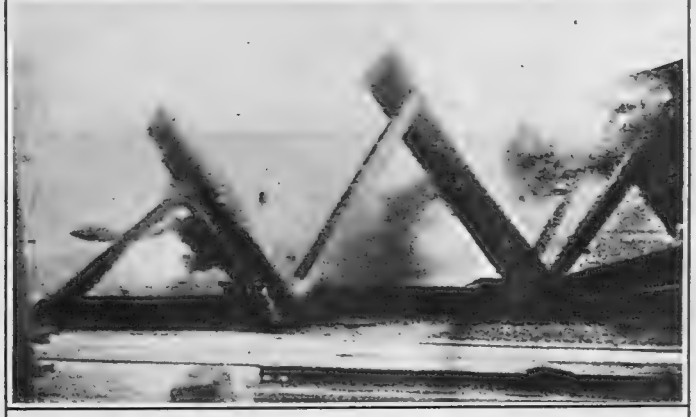
THE EXPLOSION OF A BIG BOMB: Three stages of the great crash recorded by a very high-speed camera. The bomb has been placed upright on the ground and then detonated, with shattering results. Note the double effect demonstrated in all three pictures—the upwards and sideways thrust of the blast



A 2,000-LB. ARMOUR-PIERCING BOMB: The first screen is made of steel 2 ins. thick. The bomb's speed, which had been 428 m.p.h. when fired, has fallen to 370 m.p.h. when it enters the second obstacle. The angle of the bomb, also, changes sharply during its journey



AS THE BOMB CRASHES INTO THE "ARMOUR" OF THE THIRD SCREEN, which is 3½ ins. thick, its speed drops to 366 m.p.h. The screens are 11 ft. apart, and the cameraman was only 20 yards away when the pictures were taken



LEAVING THE THIRD TARGET, the bomb's speed has fallen to 177 m.p.h. In penetrating these screens, the bomb has accomplished the equivalent of piercing the armour of a German warship

TESTING AN ANTI-PERSONNEL, OR FRAGMENTATION, BOMB: The latter is placed in the centre of an area surrounded by "strawboards," or velocity screens. Fragments of the bomb embed themselves in these screens, and touch wires which electrically record their penetrative effect

THE MAN AND THE MACHINE which make the photographic records: The frame unfolding in the camera has reached the right speed; it is passing through at the rate of 2,000 "frames" a second. (A "frame" is the small picture on a film.) The operator slips in the clutch and this automatically contacts the main firing-switch, which explodes the bomb

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

NEW NOVELS WITH PEACE-TIME SETTINGS

A Study of Two Sisters; More Memoirs of H. de Vere Stacpoole; A Romance of Queen Anne's Days; Life in a French Country House; Murder Mystery and Regency Romance

IT is impossible to enjoy either the setting or the way of life or two-thirds of the activities of the characters in Miss Maritta Wolf's novel; impossible to escape the insistent note of squalor and sordidness which it suggests, and yet, because of its humanity and the vivid life that flows through it, this is a book to reckon with and to appreciate. Reading it could never be a depressing experience simply because of that vitality which fills it, and which carries its own brilliance and its own liveliness.

THE SIGHING OF THE HEART (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) is essentially the clever and ruthless study of two sisters of widely differing characters, in the setting of an American industrial town. Sally Otis, lovable and gallant, is trying to keep a home for her young family while their father, Roy Otis, is undergoing treatment for acute neurosis in a mental hospital. Sally works all day in a restaurant, mothers the children in the evenings and, on her rare days off, pays nerve-racking visits to her husband.

"MONSIEUR X" VISITS LONDON FROM FRANCE for the International Labour Office Convention: For four years "Monsieur X" was a mysterious power in General de Gaulle's movement; only a handful of people knew the secret of his identity. The Germans, aware that he was de Gaulle's official delegate in Occupied France, set a high price on his head. After the North African landings "Monsieur X" was appointed Commissioner for Occupied Territory, but his chair at the Consultative Assembly was always empty. Now his identity is made known: he is M. Alexandre Parodi, French Minister of Labour. He is seen above attending the general session of the International Labour Office in London, at the head of the French delegation. As Monsieur X, M. Parodi has made innumerable journeys across the Channel. His last official visit to London was in May 1940; he was then advisor to M. Charles Pomaret, Minister of Labour

The apartment-house in which they live also shelters Sally's young sister Virginia, who cannot get a job, and her brother Joe, who works in the same factory as Johnny O'Connor, who, with his blonde and stupid wife Gloria and their baby, are also tenants. Into this outwardly humdrum existence, which in reality teems with drama, comes Petey, Sally's younger sister, who may have lived unwisely, but has certainly lived well.

She arrives in a flourish of perfume and furs, her arms full of Christmas gifts, and from then on uses her undoubted charm in a fairy-godmother act all round, till life begins to catch up in its melancholy way even on her, and she falls in love with a silent, uncouth and abnormal man.

There are no tidy solutions, no neatly-wrapped and tied answers to dilemmas in this novel. Instead there is remarkable feeling and even more remarkable expression. In every sense, this is an adult undertaking and, as such, I suggest that you should read it.

A man who has lived, travelled and worked for the best part of eighty years and who is, in addition, a distinguished novelist, can hardly fail to be interesting when he starts to rummage around among his memories; interesting and, since the writer is Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole, entertaining.

MORE MEN AND MICE (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.) is a further collection of chapters of autobiography, told with the most complete good humour and candour, and ranging in time from 1871 to the present day. Some of the anecdotes are really superb, and the story of M. de Blowitz, famous Paris correspondent of *The Times*, whose faultless memory helped him in a journalistic coup which had an undoubted effect on the international affairs of his time, should specially be noted. And while I'm on that subject, there's something pretty remarkable about Mr. Stacpoole's own memory!

Except for the extraordinarily fresh use of language—the surest mirror of an original mind—there is little to recall Miss Elizabeth Myers' first novel in THE BASILISK OF ST. JAMES'S (Chapman and Hall. 9s. 6d.). The earlier book was an odd, haunting study of a family of children. The present novel is a romance of Queen Anne's days when that good lady was anything but dead. In Miss Myers' version, she wasn't even a tippler, but a pathetic, courageous, obstinate woman, sometimes maddening to her friends and flatterers, but always understandable.

Queen Anne, however, is not the main figure or even the most illustrious of the cast here. That place is reserved for Jonathan Swift, the shadowy figure of his Stella away in Dublin and for the young, brilliant and pathetic being who was Vanessa. Miss Myers has her own interpretation of that strange love-story, and she has a lyrical strain on which to tell it. If the reader has difficulty, as I did, in seeing hers as a probable explanation, he can still enjoy the single-mindedness of the story-telling and the real gusto the writer brings to it.

For Miss Myers has no second-hand qualities at all about her work. At her best she is superb, at her least successful guilty of bathos, but never so far has she ceased to think for herself or to express her vivid, new thoughts in words that seem, with admirably few exceptions, to be just and inevitable. If you are an historian, you may quarrel with her telescoping of dates. If you are a sentimentalist, you will be delighted with the importance she has given to Vanessa's romance. If you are an antiquarian, you will marvel at the deftness with which she has fitted in the patchwork.

If you are none of these things in particular, or all of them, I recommend to you this most original study of the oddest of basilisks.

M. Gontran de Poncins has written a book about France that has nothing to do with resistance movements, or Vichy politicians, or the *Comité des Forges*, but is a nostalgic evocation of life in a country house—a big, old and extremely inconvenient country house—near the Loire. HOME IS THE HUNTER (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) fits only loosely the description of novel which has been given to it. It lacks the sequence and development of that form, and is really only a series of memories strung together in an informal pattern. Old Jean, whose story this book principally tells, is the old servant of a Vicomte and his wife, whose personal disagreements and incompatibilities have been resolved in a common affection for their house and their land. But it is Jean himself who has the greatest feeling for their possessions, and for the traditions which with time have become almost as concrete as those possessions. Dismissed after years of service because of his age, and pensioned off, Jean spends ten years in his own little village longing for the day when he will be needed by them again.

Each year he writes a laborious, dutiful letter, with a pathetic postscript: "And if Madame should need me, I should be happy to oblige. . . ." Finally, his reward comes, though it is grudgingly given. The family is temporarily without a cook, and he is summoned back for a scant five days to help them out of their difficulty. Back he trudges, and as he goes through the house, making his way room by room, for he is a prodigious worker, and considers the whole place his domain, he recalls the history of the family through all the years he has known it.

As in *Kabloona*, though on such a different subject, M. de Poncins writes with great imagination and delicacy, though with little drama. His style has an oddly dreamlike quality of the escape into the past, and that, on reflection, is possibly one of its most real merits.

THE FIVE EQUESTRIAN SISTERS OF COBHAM: Daughters of Mrs. Owles, these young girls were all taught to ride from the time they could walk. They are now all expert horsewomen, from seventeen-year-old Tonia down to little Dawn, who is just four. With so many capable assistants, Mrs. Owles has recently opened a riding-school, and the expert young horsewomen will have plenty of opportunities to make good use of their skill

In the first three lines of Mr. Erle Stanley Gardner's new book, it is firmly established that the gentleman who plays the title-role has yellow eyes; he is subsequently known throughout the book as Amber Eyes. Nevertheless, the wrapper of THE CASE OF THE CARELESS KITTEN (Cassell. 8s. 6d.) is a fine, full-faced portrait of a *green*-eyed cat. Apart from that minor fault of presentation, for which one can hardly hold the author responsible, this is a thoroughly satisfactory mystery story, in which Perry Mason, a peculiarly American brand of lawyer-cum-detective, solves a ten-year-old mystery and a murder or two.

AN AMERICAN AUTHORESS REACHES ENGLAND FROM MOSCOW—Miss Lillian Hellman, who has just arrived in this country by air. She has recently written such famous plays as *The Little Foxes* and *Watch on the Rhine*, both of which were translated into Russian while she was in Moscow. There are over forty theatres in the Russian capital, all of which are playing to capacity. During her stay in Russia Miss Hellman visited the front, and was in the suburbs of Warsaw just before the big push began

He is helped materially by the little cat, who is the clue to the whole affair, and, as usual, by lovely Della Street, whose devotion to duty and whose perfect legs make her something more than the ideal secretary.

Apart from such frivolities, Mr. Gardner maintains his standard of fast-moving adventure.

It would be difficult to write a dull version of the love-story of the Prince Regent and Mrs. Fitzherbert. It is, in professional jargon, a "natural" whether as fiction or drama, and even the barest outlines of its history make the best of romantic shapes. Miss Winifred Carter, moreover, is not a writer who concerns herself with bare outlines, but fills them in with her own fanciful strokes.

What Sheridan said to Beau Brummel, how the Marquess of Queensberry caused a letter to travel fifty miles in an hour and whether the Princess Caroline really preferred Lord Malmesbury to her royal and reluctant groom—these are partly matters for conjecture, partly for diligent research, and the author has made brave use of both means.

PRINCESS FITZ (Selwyn and Blount. 9s. 6d.) is rightly classed as a romance, since it does not attempt to give a serious interpretation of its subject. It has frequent and sometimes jarring lapses into present-day colloquialism. But it has freshness and vigour and there is no great harm in the pretty sugar coating she has put on this light little confection.

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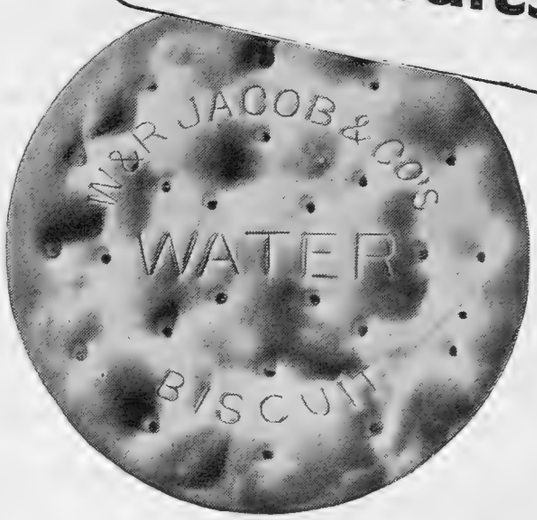

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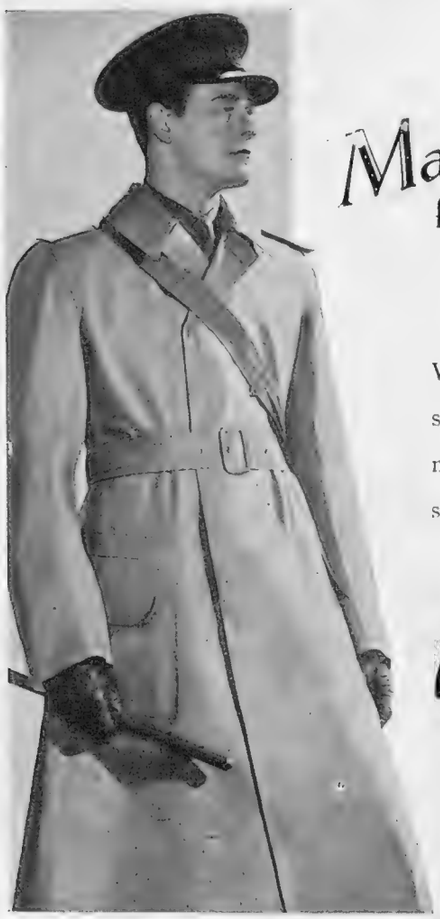

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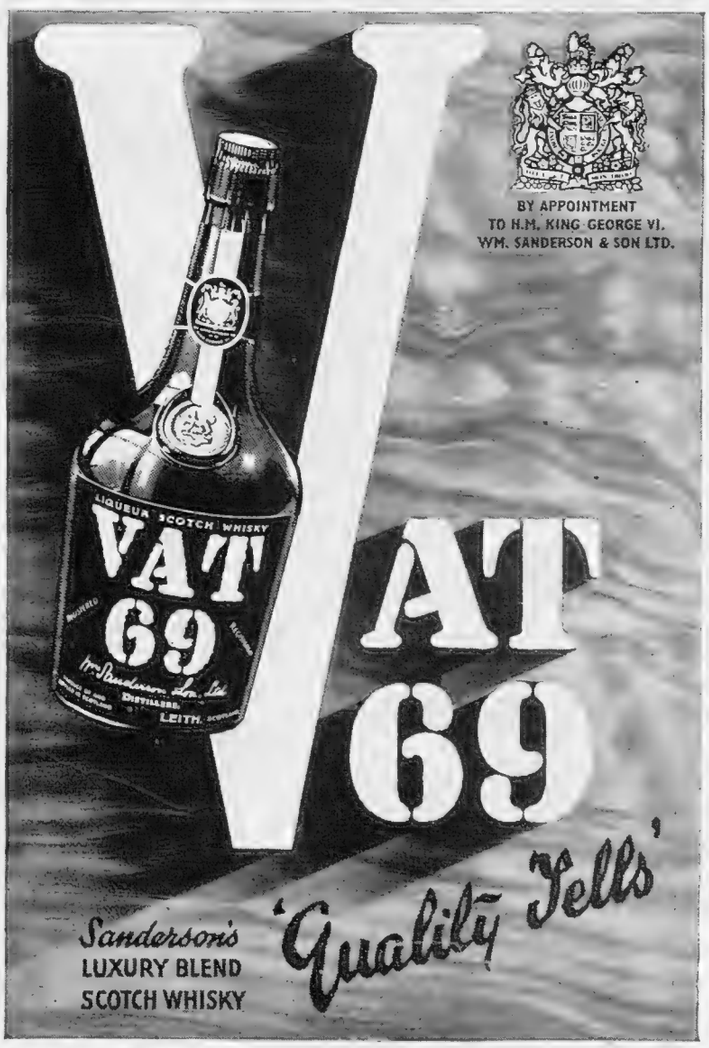

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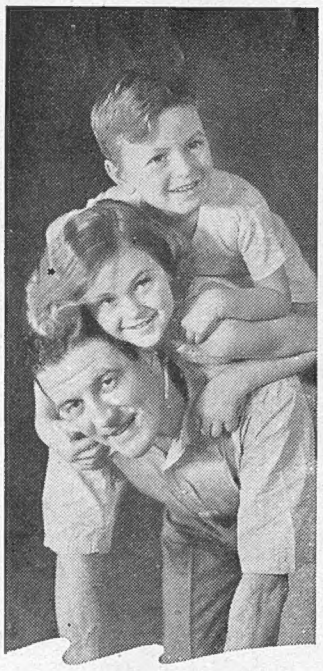

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